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Saturday Review

February 18, 1978

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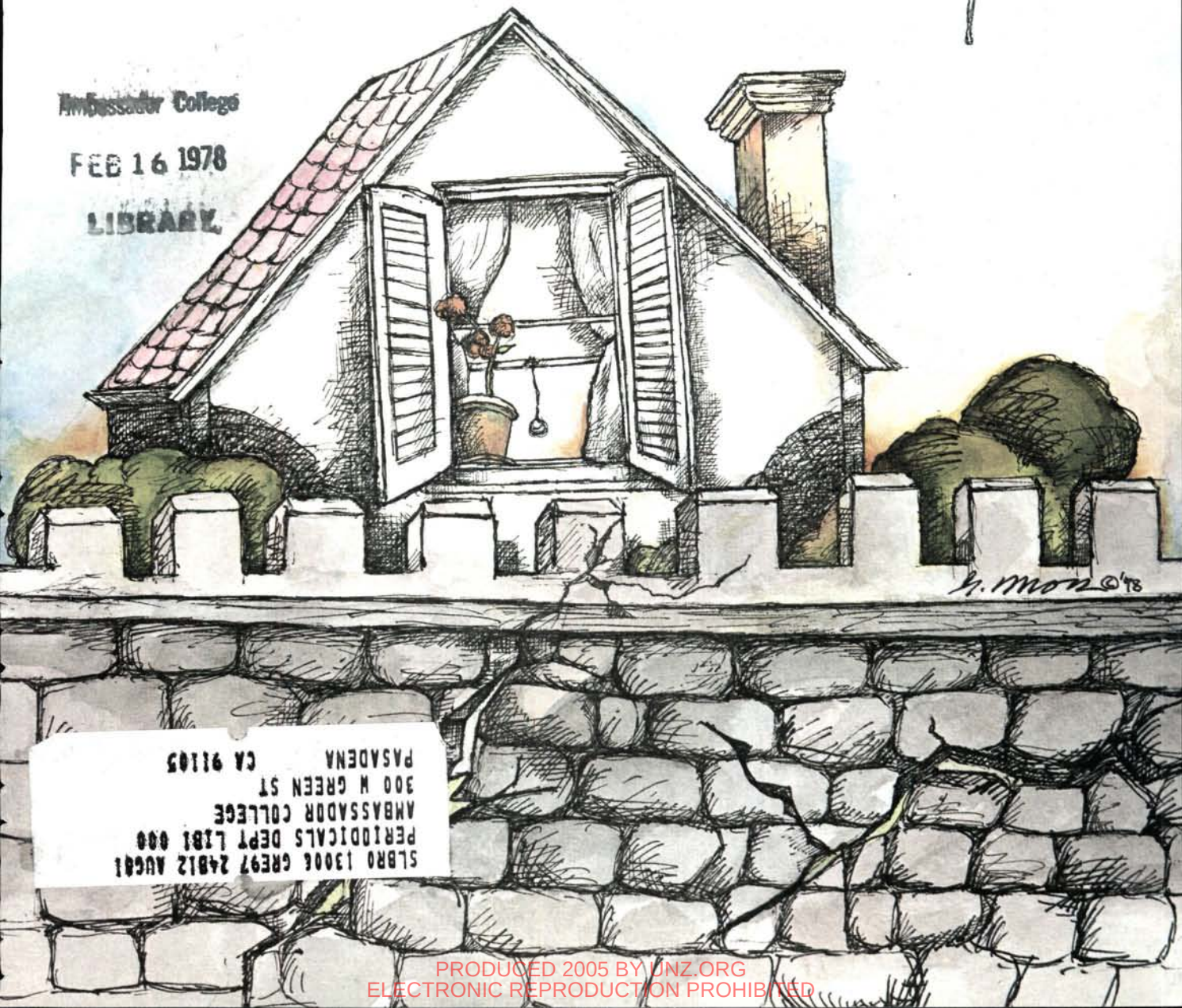
THE ASSAULT ON FORTRESS SUBURBIA

How Long Can the Poor Be Kept Out?



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New Marlboro Lights 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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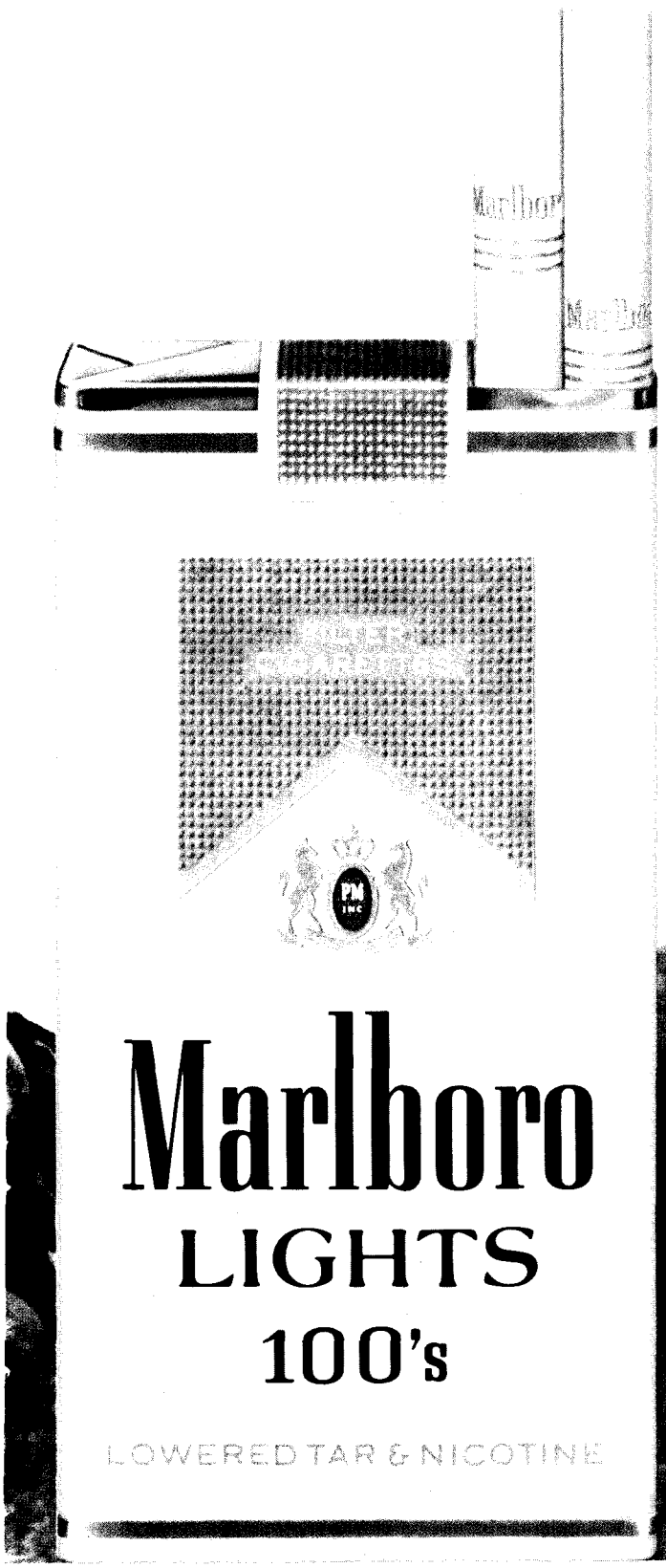
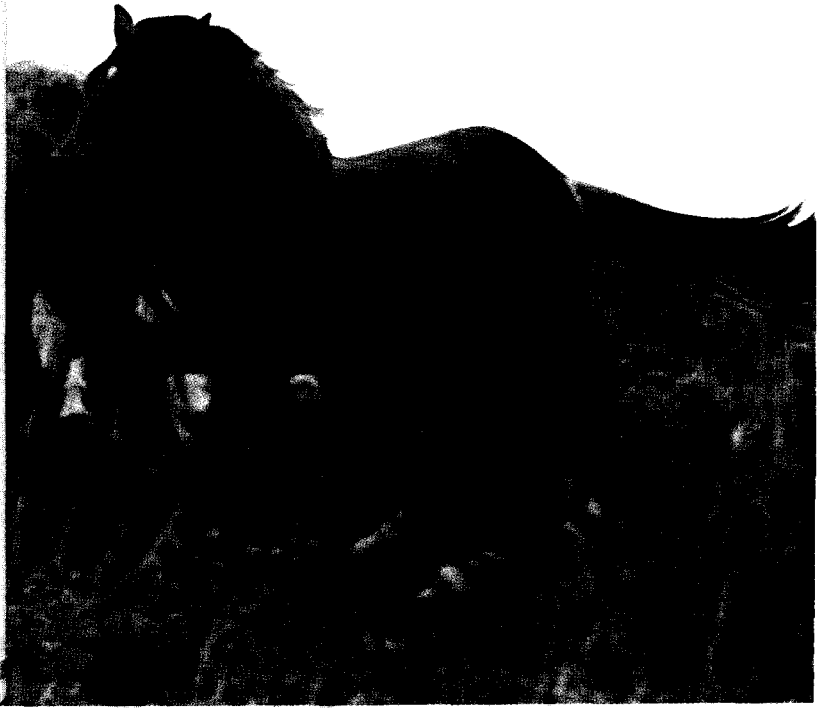


**Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the same quality
that has made Marlboro famous.
Also available in king size.**



The spirit of Marlboro in a longer low tar cigarette.

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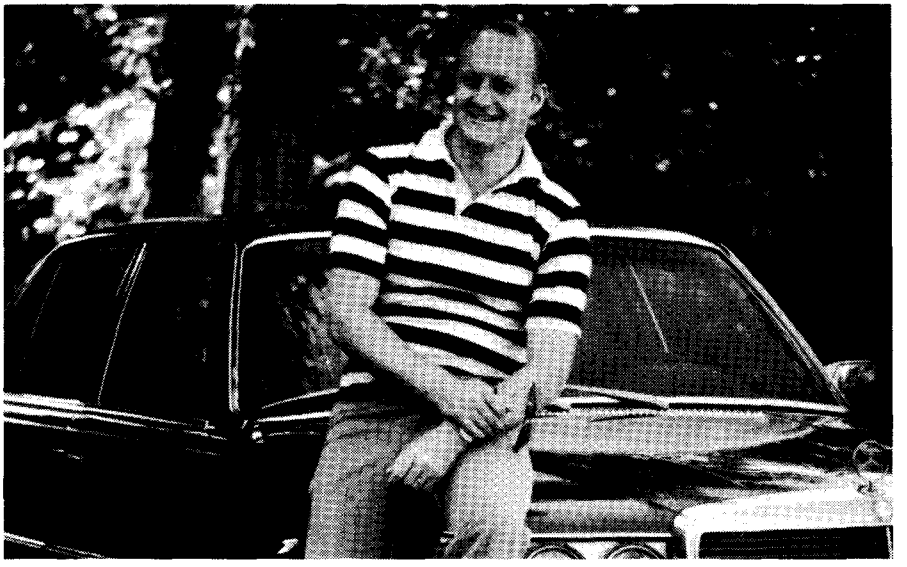
How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom in 1978

A MUTUAL CONCERN. We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Recently my net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark*, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.



What are your Financial Possibilities in 1978? Mark O. Haroldsen became a millionaire in four years because he found a way to harness inflation to his benefit. Now it's your turn! *"I've found"* says Haroldsen, *"that most people just need a specific road map to follow . . . they can do what I've done."*

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step-by-step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP. Contained in the work entitled ***How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You*** are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property.)
- compounds your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE. If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to do almost anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what **real freedom** is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one more thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $12.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to order, do it now, not later. Otherwise you may lose, just by default.

"FINANCIAL FREEDOM." To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a check for $12.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. G-227, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

". . . more than 150,000 people have discovered that my formulas will provide the road map that can lead to total financial freedom . . ."

FOR YOUR FUTURE. What will this $12.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

TEST IT YOURSELF. It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION. It seems the majority of the people in our rich

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others, I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

Inquire at your local bookstore for Mark Haroldsen's "How to Wake Up the Financial Genius Inside You."

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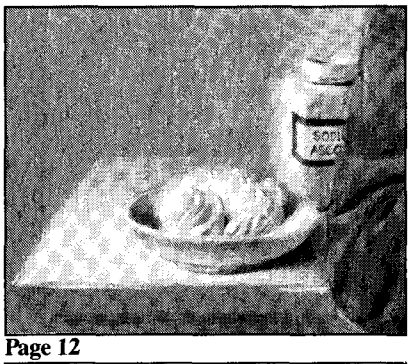

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Letters from Readers

Through a Glass Darkly

As a longtime happy participant in the warfare between religion and science, I felt my pulse quicken on reading the special double year-end issue [God and Science: New Allies in the Search for Values, December 10]. I especially savored Albert Rosenfeld's "When Man Becomes as God: The Biological Prospect."

In stressing the conflict within the scientific and religious camps, however, Martin E. Marty ["Science Versus Religion: An Old Squabble Simmers Down"] seems to have lost sight of the fundamental philosophical differences between them. The essence of the scientific credo is that dependence on faith is minimized. Faith, on the other hand, is embraced by religionists; it is the cornerstone of their various structures. Science is basically revisionist in that its view of the world, including man, is continually being updated as knowledge accumulates. Religion is strongly conservative, its appeal being to revealed truths or a priori principles.

Gerald Clear
Sausalito, Calif.

Bread of Life

The year-end issue deserves rereading. It can easily serve as the guidebook for humanistic scientists, scientific humanists, and all laymen looking for other corridors.

There is no need for Albert Rosenfeld, whose article ["When Man Becomes as God: The Biological Prospect"] I enjoyed most of all, to doubt that life can be made from "nonlife." I have long felt, and for 40 years have taught, that life does indeed "inhere in the atoms of rocks."

Studies of the origins of the rich Palouse soil just south of Spokane, Washington, long ago revealed that it requires 75 years of wind to erode the rocks that make up each inch of topsoil. Today's farmer needs only to plant a wheat seed and wait for the distilled rainwater from the Pacific. That ground-up rock produces the best wheat in the world. The cliffs of rocks have life to share; they are, in fact, the reservoirs of life.

Jerry A. Naimy
Spokane, Washington

Remembrance of Personages Past

Martin E. Marty's recollection of Andrew Dickson White's *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* ["Science Versus Religion: An Old Squabble Simmers Down"] is a superb invitation to those of us familiar with the monumental work to peruse it again. It should stimulate others to discover this unsurpassed combination of scholarly research and lucid exposition.

In 1925, I spent the money I had received on my eighteenth birthday to buy the two-volume masterpiece from D. Appleton & Company, the publisher. The book was not to be found in the public library of Dubuque, Iowa, one of the 14 archbishoprics in the country at that time. Hence the need to purchase it.

The accounts of heroes in the warfare that White described reveal courage rivaling, indeed exceeding, that of the heroes in J. F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage* and similar works. White not only details the persecution of such well-known historical personages as Copernicus, Galileo, and Darwin but also considers many lesser-known or even forgotten figures such as Vesalius, Tuke, Bishop Colenso of Natal, Sir Charles Lyell, and Ernest Renan.

White focused on, or at least directed most of his criticism against, institutional efforts to flout scientific inquiry and the publication of findings and conclusions. The Roman Catholic Church, various Protestant churches, and other religious organizations, along with governments and officialdom at all levels, have tried to suppress scientific study and to censor the publication of results. A steady procession of individuals outside the institutional framework has also joined in these efforts. These people we will have with us always.

Professor Calvin Grieder
Boulder, Colo.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

Fritjof Capra ["The Tao of Physics: Reflections on the Cosmic Dance," December 10] sees similarities between modern physics and Eastern mysticism and argues that these similarities imply a "convergence" of the two schools.

He takes no note of what some people would consider the most important characteristic of physics (and of all science), namely, the scientific criterion for truth. In science, a theory, regardless of its intuitive appeal, is considered true only if it agrees with experiment. This is what separates science from metaphysics. As far as I know, Eastern thought makes no use of such a criterion; its statements are to be accepted or rejected on some kind of intuitive basis. (Capra believes that modern physics and Eastern thought support each other. But would the latter have been abandoned as untrue if the quantum or relativity theories had turned out to be wrong?)

In view of this philosophical chasm between science and Eastern mysticism, I find it difficult to take the "convergence" seen by Capra.

C. D. Boley
Argonne, Ill.

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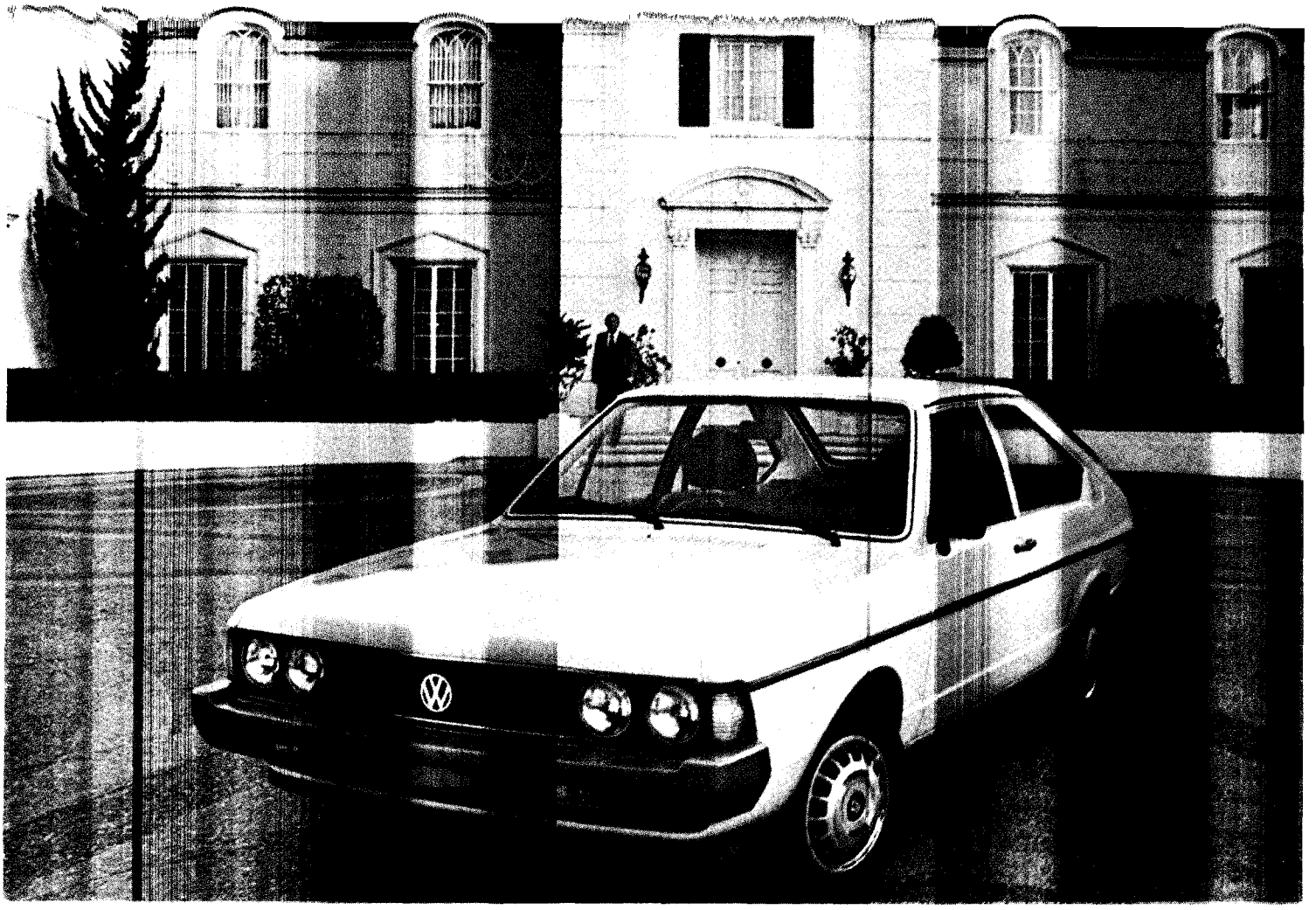

DASHER OUTCLASSES MERCEDES 280E AND ROLLS-ROYCE IN SURPRISING WAYS.

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clocks.
Finally, there are two particularly impressive dissimilarities. For one, Dasher costs about $10,000 less than the Mercedes and about $39,000 less than the Rolls. Then of course, only the Dasher has a Ⓥ right thereupfront. *with automatic transmission

s
ways.
If you're a Mercedes-Benz 280E owner, you'll be impressed to discover that the Dasher 2-door Sedan with standard transmission not only goes from 0 to 50 miles per hour quicker than the Mercedes,* but carries more in its trunk.
If you're about to spring for a Rolls-Royce, hold the phone. The Dasher holds more in its trunk than the Rolls, too.
Fine as they may be, neither the Mercedes nor the Rolls has front-wheel drive. The Dasher does, and it makes all the difference in poor driving

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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These brilliant, uncirculated coins were last produced in 1964, but the Novel Numismatics Guild is making them available to you now. For just $12.95, you can have either the Philadelphia or scarce Denver Mint Mark collections, or, for just $23.00 you can have both coin sets in one collection.

The Denver sets were the last coins produced with a mint mark! Production of all 90% silver coins has now been stopped, including the John F. Kennedy Half Dollar bearing the rare "D" mint mark. Instead, since in 1965, they are now minted with an inferior combination of copper and nickel with no silver content at all.

These historical collections are displayed on a royal blue velvet background in a handsome presentation case. Makes a lifetime heirloom gift to be handed down from generation to generation—should increase in value with the passing years.

Our supply is strictly limited. All orders will be filled on a first come, first shipped basis. This offer may not be repeated. Each collection is sold on a money back guarantee of satisfaction.

Our company has been in business for over 25 years and we are a member of the Retail Coin Dealers Association.

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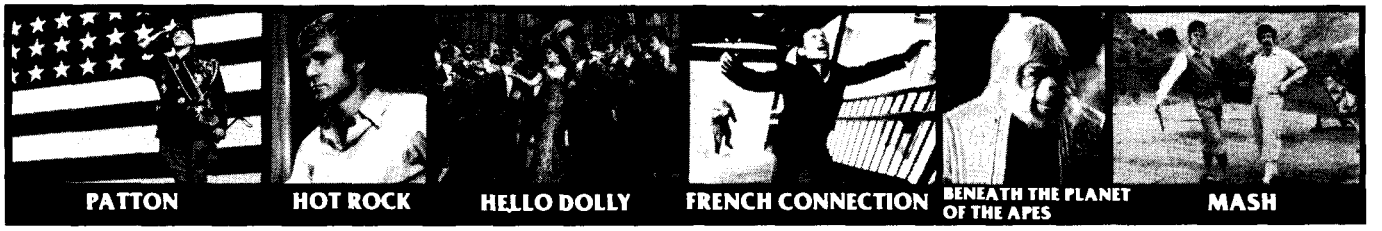

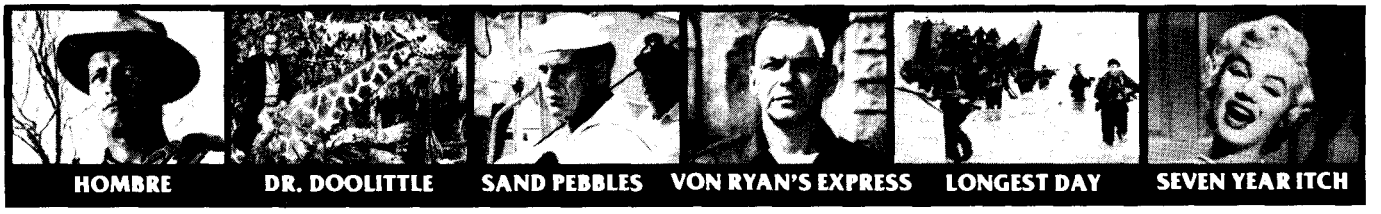

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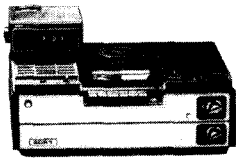

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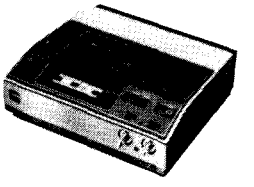

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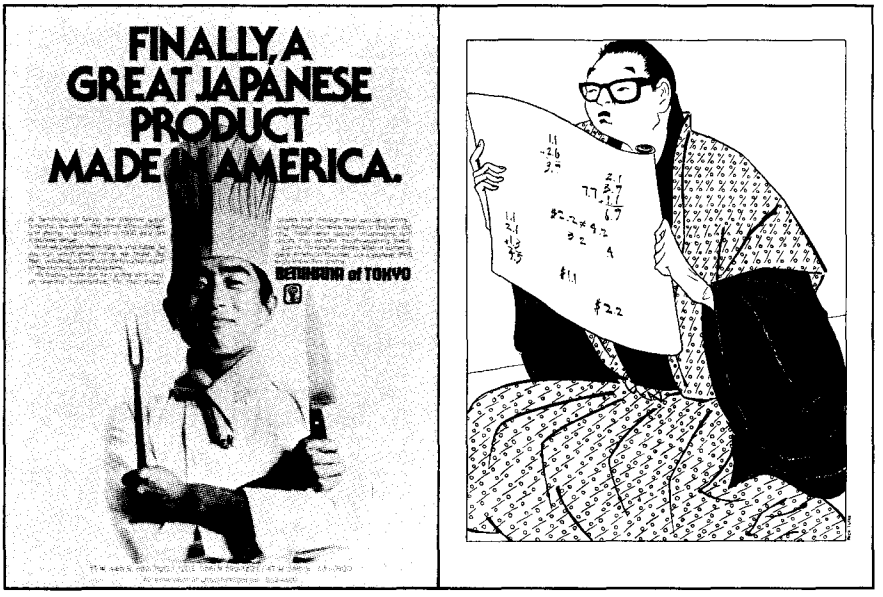
Front Runners



Nightmare Come True

We extend sympathies to our colleagues at *Harper's*, who inadvertently juxtaposed, in their New York City edition for January, the two facing pages reproduced here. The caricature on the right is of the distinguished Japanese-American educator and freshman senator from California, S. I. Hayakawa, author of an article in that same issue of *Harper's*.

Lush Greenery

For years gardening buffs have been talking to their plants; soon they may be buying drinks for their potted friends. The reason: Michigan State University researchers have found that small amounts of an alcohol called triacontanol stimulate faster growth in many crops and greatly increase their protein content.

According to science writer George Alexander, "Seven out of ten crops treated showed yield improvements ranging from seven to 22 percent. ... One pound of the alcohol would be enough, when mixed in water, to treat 90 thousand acres." Cucumbers and tomatoes take especially well to the spiritous waters.

There is little chance that eating treated vegetables will make you high or ill: Dr. Stanley K. Ries, who did the research, says this alcohol is a natural, harmless product, found everywhere in nature.

A Cure for Reading Sickness

Physicians routinely complain about the glut of journals and reports they have to read if they want to keep up with medical progress. Now there's statistical evidence that those who do plow through all that paper may be wasting their time.

"The majority of biomedical information currently published in the better medical journals and reports may be valuable to researchers," says Dr. John Williamson, of Johns Hopkins University's School of Hygiene and Public Health, "but most of it is probably irrelevant to the immediate needs of doctors."

Dr. Williamson is a medical information specialist. His thesis—based on an exhaustive, six-year review of thousands of medical articles—is developed in his 1,000-page volume, *Improving Medical Practice and Health Care* (Ballinger Publishing Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1977, $25). The solution? Dr. Williamson suggests establishing a nationwide standard biomedical data evaluation system modeled on the National Standard Reference Data System for the physical sciences, which was organized 15 years ago to validate research claims and to eliminate bias in physics and chemistry journals.

Welcome Back!

For more than a hundred years, no one had seen a living white-winged guan—a mainly charcoal-colored, two-and-one-half- to four-and-one-half-pound bird that lives in trees and eats flowers and figs. But now two ornithologists have set bird-watching circles aflutter by spotting *four* white-winged guans placidly munching away on flowers in a garden in northwestern Peru. The birds are about three feet long and have bright orange-red throat wattles. No word, so far, on where the guans have been holed up for the past century.

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run by-lines with items, or return unused submissions.
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Continued

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What is Ms. magazine and why is it saying all these terrible things?

"If men could get pregnant, abortion would be a sacrament."
Flo Kennedy talks "verbal karate" in **Ms.**

"Black family life will be a disaster if it copies white family life."
Eleanor Holmes Norton talks about black feminism in **Ms.**

"When the female leaves the house to work for wages, she finds that she carries her inferior and servile status with her."
Andrea Dworkin, "Why Economic Recovery Will Not Work for Us" in **Ms.**

"Our pre-occupation with 'good-bad' sex threatens to turn us into a nation of emotional zombies." Ingrid Bengis, "How's Your Sex Life?" in **Ms.**

"Just as men victimize the weak member of the group, women victimize the strong one." Gloria Steinem on "Trashing" in **Ms.**

"Rape signifies that any woman...can be reduced by force or intimidation to the lowest common denominator—a free piece of ass."

"Men, with all their bravado, seldom have the courage to stick a flower on their desks."
Alan Alda, "The ERA: Why Should Men Care?" in **Ms.**

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Front Runners

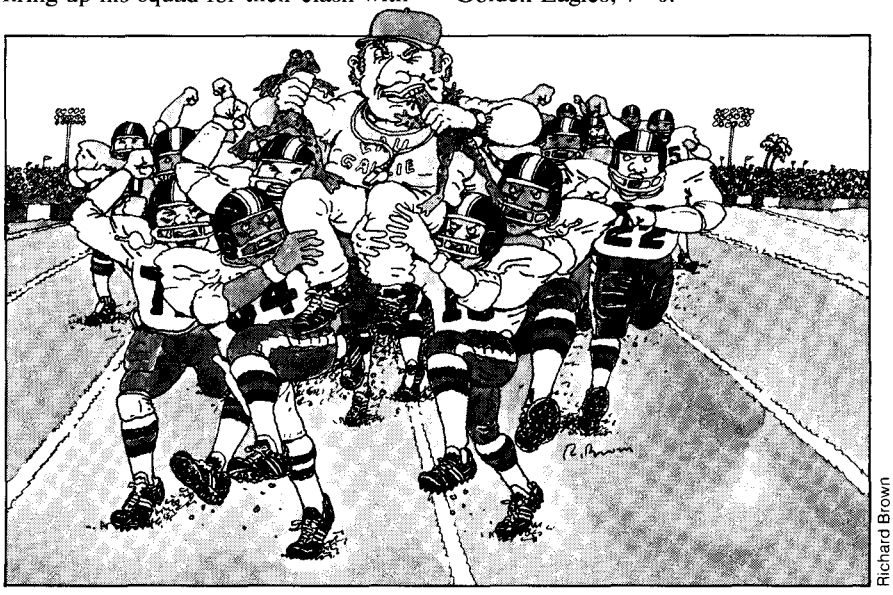
Bite, Team, Bite!

Recent locker room rallies make Knute Rockne's pregame pep talks look like kid stuff. At Florida's Eau Gallie High School, football coach Larry Canaday excited his players by biting the heads off live frogs. "Our kids love it," Canaday exulted in an interview. "They say, 'Look how wild the coach is. Let's get wild too.' "

Football coach Robert Timmerman, of Dubuque Hempstead (Iowa) High School, hit on an equally wild way of firing up his squad for their clash with a team called the Golden Eagles: He sloshed gold paint all over a live chicken and invited his warriors to take turns kicking the bird around. They obliged to such good effect that the dying fowl had to be destroyed.

In both cases, animal lovers finally forced the abandonment of these unique rallying methods. Iowa's attorney general, though, declined to prosecute Coach Timmerman, on the ground that Iowa has laws protecting many animals, but not chickens.

PS: Dubuque Hempstead lost to the Golden Eagles, 7–0.



Richard Brown

Splitting

Are we in for a new era of regional and ethnic separatism? Canada has the Quebecois, England has the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish would-be secessionists, and now France is trying to cope with the Corsican, Breton, and Basque "liberation fronts."

The flourishing Scottish movement is being fueled, so to speak, by the exploitation of rich North Sea oil deposits. The impetus for the other movements is rather more obscure, but nonetheless real.

Strongest of all the French separatist manifestations is the Corsican drive for autonomy. Like the citizens of other outlying areas of France, the Corsicans have long felt ignored by the central government. Among other complaints, the Corsicans say that their island has been turned into a popular vacation spot and that the tourist trade is controlled by big French companies that import labor rather than rely on local help.

Inevitably, the Corsican movement has several wings. The moderates want more representation in the French government's councils, as well as more government financial aid. The extremists want total independence and have been bombing public buildings and skirmishing with French security forces. Most Corsicans, say official sources, want no change at all. Nonetheless, many officials are saying privately that the Corsican situation may become as violent as that in Northern Ireland.

A Skunk Named Wishbone

Bill Stanton's troubles began when a nervous skunk wandered into his garage on Chicago's South Side and set up house in a boat. "I called the police. They sat in their squad car. The skunk sprayed. The police said they would send a truck and drove off." No truck came. Stanton had no luck with state or city wildlife officials. Rodent people said they handled only mice and rats. So Stanton bought a trap and caught the skunk. "I called all the departments again and told them the skunk, named Wishbone, was ready for travel. An official told me I had broken three laws: I brought a trap into the city; I had no license to trap in the state; it was illegal to trap in the city." Stanton also learned, "It's illegal to keep a skunk, illegal to destroy him, and illegal to let him go."

Stanton's attorney may have the answer. "When they come to serve the citation," he told Stanton, "just tell them you're willing to go to court and take the skunk with you for evidence."

Suffer the Children

One ugly facet of Japan's industrial miracle is the literally suicidal pressure it brings to bear on Japanese schoolchildren. More than 700 children and teenagers killed themselves in 1976, and police, teachers, and psychiatrists agree that the main cause of these deaths was fear and loathing of Japan's ultratough high school and college-entrance exams.

Why are the exams so tough? Partly because Japan's remarkable postwar upsurge has been made possible by the rigorous science and technology courses taken in universities by students who have already passed rigorous entrance exams. Since graduation from a prestigious university is a passport to a lifelong position with a top firm, competition for good entrance exam grades is ferocious, and ulcers are not uncommon among young scholars.

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What I Learned from 3,000 Doctors

by Norman Cousins

FOR THE PAST YEAR, I have been the beneficiary of some 3,000 letters from doctors in about a dozen countries. The letters were in response to the article "Anatomy of an Illness (As Perceived by the Patient)," published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* on December 23, 1976, and reprinted in *SR* on May 28, 1977. The article described a recovery from a crippling illness that specialists believed at the time (1964) to be irreversible.

What is most remarkable and gratifying about these letters is the evidence of an open attitude by doctors to new or unconventional approaches to the treatment of serious disease. There was abundant support for the measures that had figured in my own recovery—a well-developed will to live, laughter, and large intravenous doses of sodium ascorbate.* Far from resenting the intrusion of a layman into problems of diagnosis and therapy, the doctors who wrote in response to the article warmly endorsed the idea of a patient's partnership with his physician in the search for a cure.

The letters reflected the view that one of the main functions of the doctor is to engage to the fullest the patient's own ability to mobilize the forces of mind and body in turning back disease. There was general agreement in the letters that modern medication is becoming increasingly dangerous and that, to the fullest possible extent, the careful physician should attempt to educate the patient away from reliance on exotic drugs. The new trend favors an understanding of the powerful recuperative and regenerative forces possessed by the human body under conditions of proper nourishment and reasonable freedom from stress.

Not all the communications came from doctors. One episode involving a layman underlines many of the key points raised by the physicians. A New York lawyer telephoned to say that his four-year-old daughter was in critical condition in Lenox Hill Hospital. She was stricken by viral encephalitis, against which antibiotics have no record of success. The lawyer wanted to know whether, in the light of my own recovery from a severe collagen disease after taking large doses of ascorbic acid, the same treatment might be useful for his daughter.

I told the lawyer that it would be highly irresponsible for me, a layman like himself, to attempt to give medical advice, which in any case I was unqualified to offer. Moreover, there was no way of determining what part of my recovery was due to the intravenous infusion of ascorbate and what part to a full mobilization of the salutary emotions, not excluding laughter and a robust will to live. I suggested that the lawyer consult his daughter's doctor about the possible use of ascorbic acid

The lawyer said he feared the child's doctor would be scornful of anything as unsophisticated and overpopularized as vitamin C. I then told him of the large number of medical tracts I had received from doctors, in response to my article, supporting the use of ascorbate in a wide range of disorders beyond the reach of antibiotics or other medication.

In particular, I spoke of the work of Irwin Stone, a biochemist in San Jose, who is among the country's leading authorities on the efficacy of ascorbic acid in the treatment of serious disease. I offered to send the lawyer reprints of articles from medical journals about the work of Stone and others on the functions of ascorbate in body chemistry. What seemed especially impressive to me about these papers was the data on the ability of ascorbate to activate and enhance the body's own healing mechanism. I suggested that the lawyer might wish to review this material with the child's doctor in the event he had not already seen it.

The next day I left for a new round of the Dartmouth Conferences in Latvia, U.S.S.R. While abroad, I made inquiries at various medical centers and learned that intravenous infusions of ascorbic acid had been effectively used in a number of cases of viral encephalitis.

On my return to New York, I telephoned the lawyer to ask about his daughter. He said he had spoken with Irwin Stone, who told him about recent experiences in which serious cases of viral encephalitis had been reversed through large doses of ascorbate. Armed with this information and with reprints from medical journals I had sent him, the lawyer had spoken to the child's specialist, only to be rebuffed. When he had offered the materials from the professional journals, the doctor had said he didn't need to be instructed by a layman in medical matters.

The lawyer then decided on a plan of action. Several days later he asked the specialist whether the next time his child came out of the coma he might offer her some ice cream. The specialist encouraged the lawyer to do so. The lawyer bought a pound of powdered sodium ascorbate, which is more soluble and less bitter than the ascorbic acid form. He mixed at least 10 grams of the powder into the ice cream, which the child eagerly devoured. The next day the lawyer again gave her ice cream, enriched this time with an even larger dose of sodium ascorbate. He continued the process day after day. After two weeks the child was taken out of the oxygen tent altogether. The improvement continued steadily in the following days, during which the lawyer gave his daughter an average of 25 grams of sodium ascorbate daily.

The lawyer's voice vibrated with elation as he described the child's complete recovery and the prospect of having her home again. I asked if he had told the specialist what he had done.

* Ascorbate and sodium ascorbate are derivatives of ascorbic acid. These terms are generally used as synonyms of vitamin C.

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Richard Bober

"The father was ecstatic about the child's complete recovery and the prospect of having her home again."

"Certainly not," he replied. "Why should I make trouble for myself?"

Obviously, it is poor—and dangerous—policy for any layman to act behind a doctor's back. Yet there may be something about the specialist's attitude that warrants scrutiny. Was there a hardening of the categories that caused him to shut himself off from a serious consideration of alternatives? Was he over-reacting to what he regarded as an intrusion? One of the most striking features that emerged from the letters I received from doctors is the evidence of a new respect for the ideas of non-professionals. "Nothing is more out of date than the notion that doctors can't learn from their patients," wrote Dr. Gerald Looney, of the Medical College of the University of Southern California. "People today are far better educated in medical matters than they were only a quarter century ago. The entire field of nutrition, for example, is one in which many patients can hold their own, to say the least, with their doctors. Maybe the new spirit of consumerism has at last reached medicine. I teach my students to listen very carefully to their patients and to concerned and informed laymen. That's what good medical practice is all about."

One of the attractive characteristics of ascorbate is that it does no harm even if it may do little good. Under these circumstances, was there any justification for the total refusal of the child's specialist to give serious consideration to the lawyer's request? Is the obligation of the doctor confined only to the patient? What about the legitimate emotional needs of those very close to the patient? The specialist's relationship with the child was limited in chronology and circumstance; the father had a lifetime commitment.

Another example of a problem arising from a doctor's dealings with a relative of a patient concerns the wife of a man dying from cancer in Boston. She telephoned to say her husband had been through the standard treatment—radiation, surgery, and chemotherapy—and she was despairing about the future. She had read that Linus Pauling, the Nobel prize-winning chemist, had said that vitamin C is a cure for cancer. Her hopes had been raised by this prospect, and she wanted to know if, on the basis of my own experience with a supposedly irreversible illness, I thought ascorbic acid ought to be tried.

As in the case of my conversation with the lawyer, I told the woman that it would be highly improper for me to attempt to give advice. I did, however, call her attention to the fact that Dr. Pauling's conclusions were based largely on the research of Dr. Ewan Cameron, of the Vale of Leven Hospital in Loch Lomondside, Scotland. Dr. Cameron has published reports telling of his studies involving 100 patients suffering from advanced malignancies who were given large doses of sodium ascorbate over a period of many weeks. The results

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were compared with the experiences of 1,000 cancer patients of similar condition who were given no ascorbate. The average survival time of the patients in the first group was substantially longer than that of the second group. (It is important to note that *substantially* refers to weeks or months, rather than to years. Dr. Cameron makes no claim that sodium ascorbate is a cure for cancer. The significance of his research is tied to the clear indication of an agent in ascorbate that retards cancer.)

Cancer cells, Dr. Cameron says, release hyaluronidase, an enzyme that attacks intercellular cement. "Proliferation will continue as long as hyaluronidase is released; proliferation will stop when the release of hyaluronidase stops." Ascorbic acid, according to Dr. Cameron, strengthens tissue-grounding and therefore counteracts hyaluronidase activity.

Such, at least, was the gist of the material that I offered to send to the woman in Boston whose husband was dying of cancer. I emphasized that ascorbic acid could not be regarded as a sure cure for cancer or other advanced diseases. She asked whether I would be willing to discuss these matters with her husband's doctor. I told her I thought this would be inappropriate but suggested that her doctor might like to talk to my own physician, Dr. William Hitzig, who had provided full support for my decision to discontinue aspirin, Butazolidin, colchicine, and sleeping pills—all of which were toxic in varying degrees—and to seek to reverse my condition through a comprehensive regimen, only one part of which was regular intravenous doses of ascorbate.

"One of the main functions of the doctor is to engage to the fullest the patient's own ability to mobilize the forces of mind and body in turning back disease."

The woman telephoned two days later to say she had attempted to discuss the possible efficacy of ascorbate for her husband, only to have the doctor cut her short by chanting "quack, quack" and describing the whole business as "b.s."

The woman and her husband decided to discontinue the doctor's services, although he had been a longtime family friend. They also decided to leave the hospital and to return home, where the atmosphere made for a less stressful environment and where a local doctor was glad to administer the sodium ascorbate.

Their course of action produced results similar to the findings reported by Dr. Cameron. The husband has gained some ground. His appetite has improved; and so has his will to live. He is still doomed to die from cancer, but he already has had a few more months of life than seemed possible only a short time ago. Most important, perhaps, he is able to spend his remaining time in congenial surroundings in the company of his wife.

Death is not the ultimate tragedy of life. The ultimate tragedy is depersonalization—dying in an alien and sterile arena, separated from the spiritual nourishment that comes from being able to reach out to a loving hand.

The trend in modern medicine is to move away from the notion that it is always mandatory to hospitalize seriously ill patients. The great technological advances in electronic equipment, typified by the hospital intensive-care unit, are not without their built-in penalties. A patient in the center of an exotic Buck Rogers medical wonderworld is provided with everything diagnostically necessary in an emergency—everything, that is, except the sense of security and ease that the body needs even more than pinpointed and clicking surveillance. A mood of panic can trigger a cardiac disaster. Today, doctors are increasingly aware of the circular paradox of the intensive-care unit. It provides better electronic aids than ever before for dealing with emergencies that are often made all the more intensive because they communicate a sense of imminent disaster to the patient.

Dr. Jerome D. Frank, of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, told students at the graduating exercises of Johns Hopkins in 1975 that any treatment of an illness that does not also minister to the human spirit is grossly deficient. He cited a 1974 British study showing that the survival rate of patients with heart disease being treated in an intensive-care unit was no higher than the survival rate of similar patients being treated at home. His interpretation was that the emotional strain of being surrounded by emergency electronic gadgets in an atmosphere of crisis offsets any theoretical technological gain.

In that same commencement talk, Dr. Frank referred to a study of 176 cases of cancer that remitted without surgery, X rays, or chemotherapy. One wonders whether a powerful factor in those remissions may have been the deep belief by the patients that they were going to recover and their equally deep conviction that their doctors also believed they were going to recover. Treatment works best when the patient has faith in it. More than 76 years ago, the great Canadian physician-philosopher William Osler referred to faith as the physician's greatest aid.

Hundreds of letters from doctors about the *NEJM* article reflected the view that no medication they could give their patients is as potent as the state of mind that a patient brings to his or her own illness. In this sense, they said, the most valuable service a physician can provide to a patient is helping him mobilize all the resources of mind and body in order to maximize his own recuperative and healing potentialities.

With respect to my own illness, several doctors expressed the view that my will to live represented the primary therapy and that the ascorbate may have been secondary. In my article I allowed for the possibility that I might have been all wrong about the efficacy of ascorbate in my case, and that I could have been the beneficiary of a self-administered placebo.

Dr. Bernard Ecanow and Dr. Bernard H. Gold, of the University of Illinois at the Medical Center, wrote to say that it was a serious error for me to believe that the improvement in my condition after the systematic use of ascorbate was merely a placebo effect. They had done extensive research on the subject, and enclosed papers showing that ascorbate has a dispersal effect on clusters of red blood cells (RBCs). The reason my sedimentation rate had dropped after each intravenous dose of ascorbate, they said, was because it "produced dispersal of aggregated RBCs through its water structure breaking (hydophobic bond-breaking) effect, breaking up the structural water macromolecular matrix so that the RBCs are no longer held together by it."

I interpreted this explanation to mean that ascorbate was useful in restoring the chemical balances in the blood, or what the famous Walter Cannon termed "homeostasis" some 30 years ago.

Additional supporting data on the improvement in my con-

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dition after taking ascorbic acid came from the Lederle Research Laboratories. Drs. Arnold Oronsky and Suresh Kewar reported on research in their laboratories showing that ascorbic acid is essential for the proper functioning of prolyl-hydroxylase, which in turn is essential for the synthesis of collagen. The significance of ascorbate in the treatment of collagen diseases such as arthritis, therefore, seems compelling.

Earlier in this article, I referred to the work of Irwin Stone. With the possible exception of Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, Stone probably has probed more deeply into the phenomenon of ascorbic acid than any other medical researcher in the country.

Stone has attempted to account for the fact that the human species is unable to manufacture or store ascorbic acid, a vital ingredient in the immunological system installed by nature in all members of the animal kingdom except man and several other mammals.

Fascinated by this fact, Stone has pursued his study of the subject both anthropologically and biochemically. He has developed the theory that a genetic defect took place very early in the course of evolution: Human beings lost their ability to make ascorbic acid and have had to depend on food containing the substance that plays so large a part in the immunological system. In areas where citrus fruits and certain vegetables abound, the regular diet has compensated, to a certain extent, for the natural deficiency. In northern climes, however, the absence of citrus fruits has resulted not just in scurvy but in increased susceptibility to a wide range of illnesses, minor and major.

Irwin Stone emphasizes that ascorbic acid, strictly speaking, is not a vitamin but a liver metabolite. Its primary reputation as a vitamin, however, has made it heir to the negative feelings of doctors because of the public's tendency to be attracted to miracle vitamin cures. Stone is hopeful that the medical profession will make a distinction between ascorbic acid and other vitamins not because he undervalues the need for adequate intake of vitamins but because the therapeutic properties of ascorbic acid play such a vital role in the healing process. With respect not just to poor diet but to an environment becoming increasingly burdened with air and water pollution, congestion, noise, and stress, the anti-toxic role of ascorbic acid cannot be underestimated.

One can understand the apprehensions of the medical profession about the absurd notion that vitamins are the answer to any illness. Yet it is also true that some doctors have fostered the equally erroneous idea that the average supermarket shopping basket is insurance against any nutritional deficiency. Considering the preservatives, coloring agents, additives, and sugar overload in many processed foods, the pronouncement of the White House Conference on Food, Nutrition, and Health, in 1969, seems highly pertinent; namely, that one of the great failures in the education of medical students is the absence of adequate instruction in nutrition.

In any event, it is encouraging to me, in going through the mail from doctors, to see the growing evidence of a balanced attitude about nutrition in general and ascorbic acid in particular. The negative views that many doctors held only a few years ago are now being replaced by a willingness to examine new findings and to apply them in proper proportion.

It is also encouraging to know that the medical profession is giving increased emphasis to immunology and to the natural drive of the human body to heal itself. Considerable mystery still surrounds this process. As indicated earlier in this article, one of the interesting clues now being pursued is the function of ascorbic acid in serving both the immunological and healing processes. In this connection, it is worth calling attention to the current practice of many British hospitals of administering intravenous doses of ascorbic acid instead of antibiotics as a routine postoperative procedure in guarding against infection.

A NUMBER OF DOCTORS felt that my emphasis on the positive emotions was in accord with an important new trend in medicine. They said it was scientifically correct for me to state in the *NEJM* article that, just as the negative emotions produce negative chemical changes in the body, so the positive emotions are connected to positive chemical changes. My attention was called to a paper by Dr. O. Carl Simonton on emotional stress as a cause of cancer and to a paper by Dr. J. B. Imboden and Dr. A. Canter showing that moods of depression impair the body's immunological functions.

"A patient in a Buck Rogers medical wonderworld has everything except the sense of security that the body needs even more than electronic surveillance."

The emphasis I had placed on laughter as therapy drew perhaps two dozen supportive letters. Dr. Walter E. O'Connell, a clinic director at the veterans administration hospital in Houston, sent voluminous materials on the physiological benefits of laughter. These materials indicated that it was no accident that hearty laughter had reduced the pain in my joints and improved the quality of my sleep. Dr. O'Connell referred to the importance placed by Sigmund Freud on humor as a factor in good health. He cited two papers by Freud: "Wit and Its Relationship to the Unconscious" (1905) and "Humour," which was included in a collection of Freud's writings published in 1928.

Several doctors wrote to ask whether I had been influenced in my decision to use large doses of ascorbic acid by the statements and writings of Linus Pauling. My experience with ascorbic acid occurred in 1964. Dr. Pauling's first major work on ascorbic acid (*Vitamin C and the Common Cold*) appeared in 1970. After the publication of that work, I wrote to Linus Pauling about the episode.

Some of the letters from doctors asked whether there had been anything in my medical history to prepare me psychologically and philosophically for the "partnership" with Dr. Hitzig in the diagnosis and treatment of my illness in 1964. There were two such episodes.

My first experience in coping with a bleak medical diagnosis came at the age of ten, when I was sent to a tuberculosis sanitarium. I was terribly frail and underweight, and it seemed logical to suppose that I was in the grip of a serious malady. Later it was discovered that the doctors had mistakenly interpreted normal calcification as TB markings. X rays at that time were not yet a totally reliable basis for complex diagnosis. In any case, I spent six months at the sanitarium.

What was most interesting to me about that early experience was that the patients divided themselves into two

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groups: those who were confident they would beat back the disease and be able to resume normal lives, and those who resigned themselves to a prolonged and even fatal illness. Those of us who held to the optimistic view became good friends, involved ourselves in creative activities, and had little to do with the patients who had resigned themselves to the worst. When newcomers arrived at the hospital, we did our best to recruit them before the bleak brigade went to work.

I couldn't help being impressed with the fact that the boys in my group had a far higher percentage of "discharged as cured" outcomes than the kids in the other group. Even at the age of ten, I was being philosophically conditioned; I became aware of the power of the mind in overcoming disease. The lessons I learned about hope at that time played an important part in my complete recovery and in the feelings I have had since about the preciousness of life.

By the time I was 17, I had completely overcome the early frailty. I had fallen in love with vigorous sports; year by year, even in adulthood, my body continued to grow and harden. I also have had the advantage of being married to a woman who has a positive outlook on life and believes deeply in the advantages of good nutrition.

"Death is not the ultimate tragedy of life. The ultimate tragedy is depersonalization—dying in an alien and sterile arena."

The second major episode occurred during 1954, in my thirty-ninth year. With increased family responsibilities, I thought it prudent to apply for additional insurance. The company doctors turned me down, saying the cardiograms showed evidence of a serious coronary occlusion. My aunt, who was the insurance agent, was completely frank about the findings of the doctors. She said they urgently advised me to give up almost everything and to take to my bed. I felt demolished by this report. It was inconceivable that I would have to give up my job, my travels, and an active sports life. But here was my aunt telling me that the insurance doctors said that if I became completely inactive, I might be able to stretch out my life for a year and a half.

I decided to say nothing to my wife about the verdict of the insurance doctors. When I came home that night, my little daughters came running up to me. They liked to be thrown high in the air and to dive from my shoulders onto the couch. For a split second, I looked down two roads. One was marked cardiac alley. If I accepted the advice of the specialists, I would never throw my girls in the air again. The second road would find me working full tilt at *SR* and doing all the other things that spell life to me, especially throwing my little girls in the air. It was an easy decision. The second road might carry me for a few months or a few weeks or a few minutes; but it was my road. I threw the little girls higher than I had ever thrown them before. The next day I played in a singles tennis tournament for perhaps a total of 45 or 50 games.

The following Monday I telephoned Dr. Hitzig and informed him of the melancholy verdict of the insurance doctors. He ordered me to his office immediately, then took me to the chief of cardiology at Mt. Sinai Hospital. The hospital cardiograms confirmed the insurance reports. I went back to Bill Hitzig's office. We had a good talk. I told him I intended to do exactly what I had been doing all along and that I didn't think there was any cardiograph in the world that was smart enough to know what made my heart tick. Hitzig patted me on the back and said he was behind me all the way.

Three years later I met Paul Dudley White, the famed heart specialist. He listened carefully to the account of what had happened, then told me that I had done the only thing that could have saved my life. He believed that sustained and vigorous exercise is necessary for the health of the human heart, even when there is evidence of the kind of cardiac inefficiency that had been diagnosed in my case. He said that if I had accepted the verdict of the specialists in 1954, I probably would have confirmed it.

That meeting with Paul Dudley White was something of a landmark in my life. It gave me confidence in my rapport with my own body. It reinforced me in my conviction that the human mind can discipline the body, can set goals for itself, can somehow comprehend its own potentiality and move resolutely forward.

In recounting this episode, I certainly do not intend to suggest that patients with heart disease should ignore the advice of their doctors. What worked for me may not work for others.

Has my respect for the medical profession diminished as the result of the three episodes? Just the opposite. The thousands of letters I have received from doctors have demolished any notion that physicians are universally resistant to psychological, moral, or spiritual factors in the healing process. Most doctors recognize that medicine is just as much an art as it is a science and that the most important knowledge in medicine to be learned or taught is the way the human mind and body can summon innermost resources to meet extraordinary challenges.

Some of the letters asked whether I would be able, in the event of another serious illness, to mount the kind of total response that I did 14 years ago.

My answer was that I honestly don't know. I don't know how many such efforts are possible in a single lifetime. But I know I would certainly try.

I know I have been lucky. My body has already carried me far beyond the point where the medical experts in 1954 thought it would go. According to my calculations, my heart has furnished me with 871,946,280 more heartbeats than were thought possible by the insurance doctors 24 years ago. I dare not even estimate the number of games of tennis or rounds of golf I have played, or the miles I have sprinted, since then.

It was the sheerest of coincidences that, on the tenth anniversary of what was supposed to have been an irreversible crippling illness, I should happen to meet on the street in New York one of the specialists who in 1964 had made the melancholy diagnosis of progressive paralysis. He was clearly surprised to see me. I held out my hand. He took it. I didn't hold back on the handshake. I had a point I wanted to make, and I thought the best way to do so was through a greeting firm enough to make an impression. I increased the pressure until he winced and asked to be released. He said he could tell from my handshake that he didn't have to ask about my health, but he was eager to hear about my recovery.

It all began, I said, when I decided that some experts don't really know enough to make a pronouncement of doom on a human being. And I said I hoped they would be careful about what they said to others; they might be believed and that could be the beginning of the end. ◉

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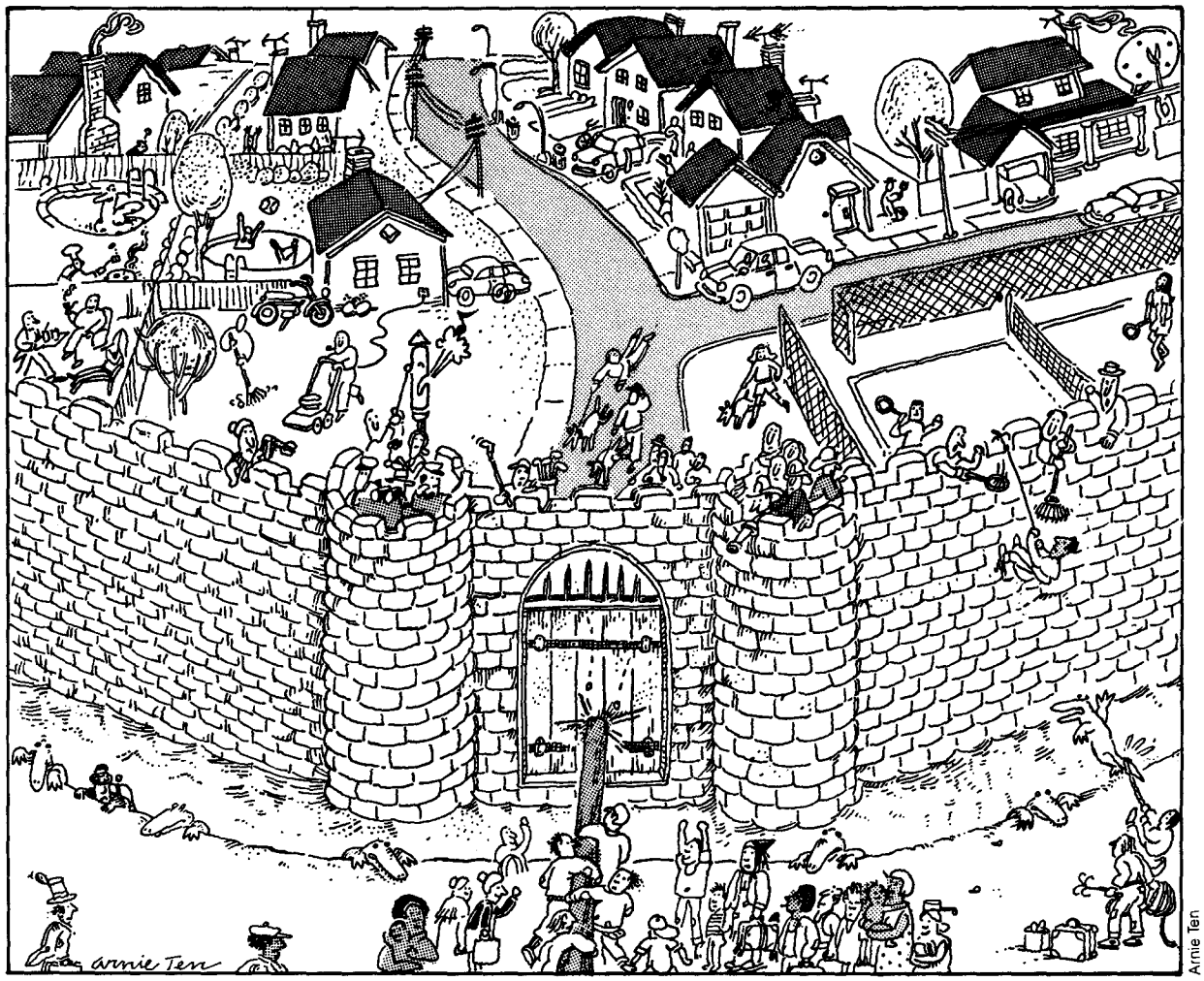
The Assault on Fortress Suburbia

How Long Can the Poor Be Kept Out?



by Roger M. Williams

THE NAMES—Exeter and Oxford drives, Buttonwood Estates—typify the little pretensions of suburbia. But there is nothing pretentious about the place itself: mass-produced, modest-sized ranch houses on small and rather spare plots; working-class white occupants with family incomes of between $15,000 and $20,000. Buttonwood Estates is a bit of pure contemporary Americana, the kind of place that does not draw a second look from passersby. Yet Buttonwood, in the town of Brookhaven, on Long Island, stands at the center of a growing and highly emotional national controversy over whether, and to what degree, the suburbs must help to house America's poor.

If the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), the social reformers, and a Long Island real estate developer have their way, 14 new houses will be built among the 12 that now comprise Buttonwood Estates, and all 14 will be rented, with federal subsidies, to low-income families. That prospect so distresses the owners of the 12 homes already there that they and their neighbors have banded together to demonstrate publicly, to protest to governments near and far, and to seek a court injunction against the project.

With the Buttonwood protesters go the prayers of fellow suburbanites who are fighting or preparing to fight a public policy they bitterly describe as an effort to rid the cities of ghettos—at their expense. Most of the nation's states with large urban areas have had at least one bout with this policy. It is often called scatter-site housing, and it forms the most visi-

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ble evidence of the long-term struggle developing between the cities and the suburbs [see box on page 23].

The precise points of contention vary from place to place—large-plot zoning, exclusion of multifamily dwellings, the inability of workers to afford to live in the area where they are employed—but the root issue is the same everywhere. It is over a conflict of rights: the right of low-income Americans to a different and better environment; the right of middle- and upper-middle-class suburbanites to exclude the poor and to live only among their own socioeconomic peers.

Branching from this root issue are other issues that entangle it. Does every suburb have an obligation to provide, or at least to accept, a certain amount of low-income, government-subsidized housing? If so, is the suburb's only obligation to the people who work there, or must it take in migrating city dwellers in search of a new life? Should the suburb be able to restrict the types of low-income housing that will be offered, even if the restrictions severely limit the number of people who can take advantage of the housing? Finally, should various federal grants to communities be made dependent on satisfying low-income housing needs, as a means of forcing the suburbs into positive action?

"Does every suburb have an obligation to provide, or at least to accept, low-income, subsidized housing? Must a suburb take in migrating city dwellers in search of a new life?"

On the answers to such questions depends much of the future of our suburbs and of a cherished piece of the American dream—the right of affluent citizens to choose the social class of their neighbors just as they choose their automobiles or country clubs, that is, without interference. What the reformers are saying, and what HUD seems to be implicitly accepting, is that nowadays nobody has an absolute right to run and hide—at least not to and in an outlying area of the city that helps support him. Suburbia has been a marvelous hiding place, a means of sucking the city's juices and leaving the pulp behind. If people like Paul Davidoff succeed in their efforts, it will not be that way in the future.

Davidoff is president of the Suburban Action Institute, a nonprofit, New York City-based organization dedicated to opening the suburbs to housing and job opportunities for minorities and the poor. In pursuit of this goal, Suburban Action has aroused the ire of towns in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey. It has brought several lawsuits against the town of Brookhaven, and it stands ready to intervene in the Buttonwood Estates dispute if necessary. "The issue of housing the poor in the suburbs will make the desegregation of public schools look simple," Davidoff says, "because the threat is more immediate than with [the] schools. The problem is not really getting everybody to share the city's burdens. It's a matter of stopping the manipulation of the law by the well-to-do for their own protection."

One need not be in Brookhaven long to realize that personal economic well-being is only one source of suburban opposition to low-income housing. The homeowners of Buttonwood Estates, by no means well-to-do, oppose such housing at least as strongly as residents of the town's affluent sections do. The resistance of both groups is linked by a common devotion to the basic perquisites of suburbia and by a corresponding revulsion against the real and perceived ills of the modern city and in particular the urban poor, who appear to personify them.

"I used to live in New York City," says Walter Beck, the Brookhaven town attorney, "and I know I like the cleaner air, the lower population density, and especially the feeling of space you find in the suburbs. Out here, people have a half acre or an acre of ground, and they look unfavorably on anybody who has less. It seems that the jealousy of space to move around in varies with one's socioeconomic level; I've noticed that poor blacks, for instance, bump shoulders all day and don't mind it."

Minus the theorizing on personal *lebensraum*, one hears Beck's paean to the suburbs repeated over and over again in Brookhaven. One also hears direct or indirect indictments of the city and its supposed Trojan horse, which is subsidized low-income housing. Says a county official: "People here are mostly first- or second-generation immigrants from New York City, and when somebody says 'low-income housing,' they see multistory public projects leading to instant slums." In a local election campaign last fall, Bob Hughes, the Republican candidate for town supervisor, warned against the "teeming hordes" who would descend on Brookhaven if it provided low-income housing. "It's the pull-up-the-gangplank syndrome," says the county official. " 'I'm here, so don't let anybody else in—especially any of *those* people.' "

Brookhaven is an odd place. Sixty miles from New York City, it is a huge, sprawling town that runs from the north shore of Long Island to the south shore. Like most of Suffolk County, which accounts for the eastern half of the island, Brookhaven has grown rapidly over the past two decades. Its population of 325,000 is heavily white and is divided basically into two groups—commuters who make the daily trek to Manhattan and people who work at such local institutions as the State University of New York at Stony Brook, the Brookhaven National Laboratory, Grumman Corporation, and the new Internal Revenue Service facility. In 1969, Brookhaven's median family income of $11,143 was slightly lower than the average for Suffolk County. Brookhaven families well above the median are clustered north of the Nesconset Highway in the Long Island Sound communities of Setauket, Old Field, and Stony Brook; families well below it, in a handful of black ghettos with shabby single-family houses and skimpy city services (the most attractive of the ghettos, Gordon Heights, is just now getting a public water system, after 40 years without one).

Almost everyone in Brookhaven, including some of the ghetto blacks, shares the aversion to New York City, and that aversion is important in understanding the town's resistance to low-income housing. The contempt is bred by a kind of familiarity, for a heavy proportion of all Brookhavenites moved there from the city. Some came directly; others arrived after an intermediate stop in Nassau County, which lies between the town and New York City and which has become too citified for Brookhaven tastes. An estimated 70 percent of the residents of Port Jefferson Station, the village that encompasses Buttonwood Estates, formerly lived in New York City. A surprising number of the ex-New Yorkers still work for the city as policemen or firemen or are employed in other munici-

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pal jobs. By and large, they and Brookhaven's other first-generation suburbanites maintain an active, unshakable dislike of the welfare recipients and the minority poor, who they believe have "ruined" New York City.

Richard Araujo, a resident of Port Jefferson Station and a supervisor for the state horse racing association, has warm memories of growing up in a New York City public housing project. Yet even he has little sympathy for the notion that some of his successors in the projects should follow him to the suburbs. "The projects now are vast prisons with unruly tenants," says Araujo. "Any refugee from the city does not want *that* coming after him. It's a gut reaction."

Brookhaven's elected officials have had that gut reaction firmly in mind while fending off continuous pressures from advocates of scatter-site housing. In the process, these officials have made the town a nationally known redoubt of single-family, middle-income dwellings. Their insistence that Brookhaven could accept HUD community development funds without also providing—as the law requires—for low-income housing led to a court decision that deprived the town of $864,000. Town officials had blithely earmarked the money for such projects as sprucing up parks and restoring historic sites; they recovered it only after promising not to interfere with future low-income-housing proposals.

In addition, Brookhaven is the defendant in one of the first suits to challenge zoning regulations because, according to the complaint, "they prevent development of low- and moderate-income housing." (Civil rights lawyers in that suit foolishly exacerbated local fears by making the black borough president of Manhattan one of the plaintiffs and by declaring that he "represents thousands of low-income and minority citizens ... who would relocate to Brookhaven if decent housing they could afford was available.")

Judging by Brookhaven political campaigns, any public support once available for low-income housing has evaporated. In 1975, three liberals who favored low-income housing in varying degrees were elected to the town council. By 1977, however, not a single candidate had a positive word to say on the subject, and many candidates were running advertisements proclaiming their fervent opposition; Councilman Hughes declared low-income housing to be "perhaps the most serious threat to the quality of life in Brookhaven." Local conservatives eagerly await the chance to bludgeon the three liberals with the housing issue in the 1979 council elections.

NOT ALL OF THE OPPOSITION to scatter-site housing is based on bigotry or on irrationally magnified fears. Lowering of property values, dismissed as a code phrase by most liberals nowadays, is a valid concern among middle-class people, who often have their life savings tied up in a house; but what lessens its validity is the sad fact that these same people are generally unwilling to accept *any* black or poor neighbors, let alone a mass influx that may well bring down property values. A common argument against apartment complexes is that they "don't pay their way," that is, the taxes collected from them do not cover the increased costs of schools and other public services to the community. Although the argument seems persuasive, numerous studies have shown that multifamily housing—government-owned buildings aside—does pay its way and that even public housing is not wholly a drag on the community because the local housing authority makes payments in lieu of taxes.

Less logical are two fervent arguments often heard in Brookhaven. One holds that low-income housing should be left to local authorities or to private enterprise. The fact is that local elected officials are seldom willing to push ahead with unpopular social changes and are skilled at sidetracking activists who would do so. The second has the homeowner declaring that subsidized tenants shouldn't get cheaply what he has

How It Played in Lincoln, Mass.

WHILE MOST SUBURBS try desperately to prevent the building of low-income housing, Lincoln, Massachusetts, went out of its way to provide it. Lincoln, a small town 20 miles west of Boston, has been an upper-middle-class commuter enclave since the end of World War II; in the ensuing years, it has enacted two-acre zoning and has clamped down on growth.

But some of the town fathers became worried about Lincoln's insularity. They formed a commission to investigate the feasibility of turning a portion of the town's public land into multifamily, mixed-income housing. Three years ago, Lincoln saw the result of that investigation—the opening of Lincoln Woods, a modern, 250-unit complex, half of which is devoted to government-subsidized apartments for middle- and low-income families. The tenants include a substantial number of blacks and some Hispanics.

"We met plenty of opposition in town," says David Donaldson, a member of the Lincoln planning board. "Some people worried about costs [the town itself had to put up a sizable portion of the money]; some others worried about the building design. And a few came right out and said, 'I moved here to get away from the city, and I don't want those people following me.'" Donaldson readily admits that problems have accompanied the project: "It would've been much better if we could have scattered the units. As it is, we've been accused of building a ghetto. Also, some of the low-income kids have had trouble adjusting in our schools." Overall social integration has come slowly, despite the efforts of churches and other local institutions: Even after three years, the perceived taint of being "a Lincoln Woods person" is not easy to overcome.

Yet Lincoln is sufficiently pleased with the experiment to consider expanding it. Smaller dwellings would be purchased by a community foundation and rented below cost to families with incomes similar to those of families that occupy Lincoln Woods. The total scheme, Lincolnians feel, is not so much altruistic as it is practical: to create a community that shares the rich variety of American life. —R.M.W.

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Mark Haven

Richard Araujo, Brookhaven community leader: "New York City housing projects now are vast prisons with unruly tenants. Any refugee from the city does not want *that* coming after him. It's a gut reaction."

had to work so hard for, a contention that conveniently overlooks his own governmental subsidies—Federal Housing Administration and Veterans' Housing Administration loans and tax deductions on mortgage interest.

Brookhaven's few proponents of low-income housing have pointed out that not only the minority poor are being denied but also the town's own senior citizens and young married couples. The latter cannot afford to buy houses in today's market, while the former cannot afford to maintain the ones they've lived in for years; thanks to Brookhaven's inhospitable attitude toward apartment buildings, both groups have had a difficult time finding an alternative.

Until recently, developers avoided submitting proposals for subsidized apartment units for the elderly because they knew what the official response would be. Now the town's government is more receptive, but many of its citizens are not. In a blue-collar area called Selden, even the imprimatur of the Roman Catholic Church hasn't brought acceptance of a proposed senior citizen project. "A lot of Selden people," says an official close to the situation, "believe the project won't really bring senior citizens but a bunch of you-know-whos from the city." In tony Setauket, village officials recently rejected the conversion of a large parklike area into a high-priced retirement complex; the primary reasons given were environmental, but single-family houses are now being built on another section of the same land.

Indeed, Brookhaven's distaste for apartment dwellers, whatever their economic station, seems as strong as its distaste for the minority poor. Only about 13 percent (roughly 10,000) of the town's housing units are multifamily. A comparable percentage is given over to private homes with technically illegal apartments carved out of them, which are seldom made available to minority renters. According to the suit against Brookhaven's zoning policies, the town needs a minimum of 5,000 new units for low-income people. "A family of four with an income of $13,000 a year finds housing in this town beyond its range," says Janet Hanson, director of a local group that helps house those of small means. "And the poorer people are paying horrendous portions of their income for rent." Many would-be residents have been forced out of Brookhaven, Hanson says, because adequate, affordable housing is not available to them.

Ironically, local officials, not meddling liberals, made Buttonwood Estates a target for low-income housing. When Brookhaven was faced with the loss of community development funds, the man in charge of legislative liaison for Suffolk County came up with the idea of throwing the feds a bone in order to free up the money. The bone would be the 14 Buttonwood lots left vacant when the developer went bankrupt. Brookhaven's deputy supervisor liked the idea and without checking with either his boss or community leaders in the Buttonwood area, he so amended the town's proposal to HUD. The ensuing protests came too late. HUD approved the proposal and a Long Island developer's plan for implementing it.

The plan calls for houses of the type and quality already found in Buttonwood Estates: three-bedroom, wood frame, with a value of around $40,000. The rent is pegged at $506 a month, including utilities, but the low-income tenants will be required to pay only as much of the rent as equals one quarter of their income; HUD will pay the rest under the guidelines of Section 8 of the Housing and Community Development Act of 1974. The developer will choose the tenants, and developer Charles Pressman has made it clear that in line with federal mandates, he will give favorable consideration to minority applicants. Construction will start in the spring—if Pressman can complete his financing arrangements. A Brookhaven bank that had made a conditional commitment to finance construction suddenly withdrew its support. "The project had become a political issue," says a source close to the negotiations. "Besides, the bank officials became convinced that houses with this kind of tenant would be unlikely to retain a sufficient portion of their value."

The residents of areas adjoining Buttonwood Estates re-

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Mark Haven

Janet Hanson, low-income housing activist: "The biggest opposition to low-income housing comes from homeowners who work very hard just to survive. Our crazy system has taught us that it's godly to own a home and kill yourself doing it."

acted to the news even faster than the Buttonwooders themselves. All of Port Jefferson Station is highly sensitive to its reputation as Brookhaven's dumping ground. Largely because of rapid and unplanned growth, the small, unincorporated village has accumulated an outsize share of garden apartment complexes (some of which house welfare families) and fast-food chains; its school taxes are the highest in Brookhaven, although its average family income is nowhere near the highest.

"We've already got the poor here," says Araujo angrily, "and a quarter of our dwelling units are apartments." The civic association that Araujo heads argued with HUD, staged protest demonstrations (Araujo and three others were arrested), and helped the Buttonwood Estates residents organize their own legal defense. Sixty-six persons have contributed between one and one hundred dollars each to fund the suit against the project—"nobody turned us down," says a spokesman—and additional funds have been raised through a raffle.

ONE EVENING I talked with community representatives about the Buttonwood Estates situation. Across the table from me were Barry Singer, who lives in Buttonwood, and Elaine and Ed Dolinsky, who live nearby. Elaine is an attorney, and she has taken on the Buttonwood case for whatever fee the protesting residents can scrape together. In the course of a long conversation, I was struck by the passion of their argument, which, while seldom persuasive, clearly owed more to their experiences and perceptions than to mindless bigotry.

Singer and the Dolinskys crystallized a number of the suburban values and the feelings about public housing and poor people that I'd picked up in snatches elsewhere in town. As is common in these situations, there is strong antipathy to HUD for manipulating the lives of ordinary citizens (evocative of the New Deal's "social engineering") and for allegedly being ignorant, grossly insensitive, and maybe even corrupt. While all three people expressed some sympathy for the poor and their housing needs, their attitude beyond that is prototypically American: Help 'em if you have to, but not in my neighborhood.

"How would you feel," asked Singer, a reserved young pharmacist with sideburns and wire-rimmed glasses, "if you were an $18,000-a-year man who bought and paid for his own house and found that the guy across the street is getting subsidized to do the same thing? *I* wouldn't like it. They're not subsidizing *me*." What if the people receiving subsidies were workers, not welfare cases, I asked. "But *where* will they work?" Singer replied. "Are they going to continue to work? And how are they going to get there? There's practically no public transportation here, so you need two cars—or three, if your kid has a job."

Singer moved to Brookhaven several years ago from Forest Hills, a middle-class New York City community that had been undergoing a public housing fight of its own. "That didn't hurt," Singer replied wryly when asked if he left because of the fight, "but the main reason was that I wanted to get a house and be able to look at grass." Dolinsky, a tall, assertive salesman of men's toiletries, moved out of the city "because of the educational system. We've got three kids, and we knew the schools would be better here." Added his wife, "It's much better here for them generally." It's expensive, too: The Dolinskys' local tax bill has quadrupled in 10 years. High taxes, multiplying fast-food outlets, garden apart-

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Mark Haven

Buttonwood Estates homeowner Barry Singer and wife, against backdrop of land that will become subsidized housing—"How would you feel if you were an $18,000-a-year man who paid for his own house and found that the guy across the street is getting subsidized to do the same thing? I *wouldn't like it. They're not subsidizing* me."

ments, and now poor folks coming in—with the government's help—right across the street. "When we moved in, it was like the country out here," Dolinsky said. "Since then ... it just seems that if you want to try an experiment in Brookhaven, you try it in Port Jeff Station."

As for the Buttonwood project itself, the three are convinced that the developer will make big money out of it. (Hanson, the open housing advocate, concedes that $506 a month is high for the area and agrees that no developer would put up with the official runarounds and public opposition without the prospect of a substantial profit.) They are also convinced, correctly, that people from beyond Brookhaven may occupy most or all of the houses; the implication, which was not borne out in anything else they said, was that the local poor would be more acceptable.

To Singer and the Dolinskys, the worst feature of the Buttonwood project seems to be that it involves rentals. Occupants of the 14 houses, Dolinsky said, "will not have the pride of ownership." When I looked puzzled, he responded, almost matter-of-factly, "Rental means they don't give a damn." Singer added, "On my block, a dentist rented a house. One of the trees on the place got knocked down in a hurricane, and it laid across his driveway for three weeks before he got rid of it. That's the attitude people have in apartments: If a guy sees stuff in front of his building, he's not going to pick it up. But if there's stuff in front of my house, I'm damn sure gonna pick it up—and if I don't, my wife will stay on me until I do." Apparently I looked skeptical, because Dolinsky said, "I can take you around the streets here, and you can pick out the rented houses from how run-down they look."*

(When I mentioned this surprisingly strong prejudice to Hanson, she nodded and replied, "The biggest opposition to low-income housing comes from homeowners who are working very hard just to survive. Somehow our crazy system has taught us that it's godly to own a home and to kill yourself doing it.")

In our four-way conversation, no mention was made of property values or of anyone's pulling out of Buttonwood Estates if the project materializes. Presumably those topics are not far from the minds of Singer and his neighbors. But the objections voiced to me were less crudely monetary; some were even philosophical in the public policy sense. After hypothesizing that the 14 rental houses would constitute a ghetto, Singer asked, "How will little ghettos all over the country—and that's what they're after—help anybody?"

The question could be called loaded—so phrased as to compel a negative answer. The United States is already full of ghettos—large, ugly ones that destroy fresh generations before they can gain a foothold on a better life. The goal of scatter-site housing is to break up those large ghettos; in the process, the pious Christian-American precepts about neighborliness and equal opportunity will be tested. Smaller ghettos need not be the result, any more than all-black classrooms need be the result of school desegregation. The Singers and the Buttonwood Estates of America can avoid that, but so can their wealthier suburban neighbors—by not dumping "the problem" solely in the formers' laps. (As demagogic as he was, presidential candidate George C. Wallace was right in saying that working-class whites have been left to bear the brunt of our most demanding social changes.)

Beyond that, our schools, our public facilities, even some of our private preserves are gradually being integrated by race, class, and sex. Why should residential areas escape this democratizing process? Besides exclusionary zoning and superior means—the latter stemming from superior opportunities—what gives the relatively affluent the privilege of hogging huge chunks of desirable real estate? These are questions that fortress suburbia can no longer ignore. ◉

*Recent actions by the neighboring shore town of Southampton indicate that *who* is doing the renting is the crux of the matter. Southampton rents to droves of chic Manhattanites every summer, yet last August it reversed a pledge to build 50 low-income units on the ground that they would be rented. Said the town supervisor, with refreshing candor, "Rental housing is not acceptable in Southampton town for low-income tenants."

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Fair Housing: Not Here You Won't

"ALL URBAN PROBLEMS become steadily more intractable," wrote Theodore Roszak in *Where the Wasteland Ends*, because "people who hate cities have no interest in saving them." They flee instead, leaving behind the fulfillment of the warning issued a decade ago by the Kerner Commission: White racism is turning the country into "two nations, separate and unequal." The battle that has been raging between these "nations" is increasingly being fought on the green grass of the American dream—suburbia.

Suburbs are contending with cities across a broad range of contemporary issues: schools and their racial makeup; commuter transit; taxes (should the commuter pay taxes to the city in which he works?); metropolitan government and the city's annexation of outlying areas; and, most foreboding, the housing of the poor—in suburbs that do not want them as residents.

To be sure, increasing numbers of blacks are finding jobs and homes in the suburbs. But they are the most hardy and self-motivated, acting as individuals rather than as a group or class. Equal housing opportunities are still being systematically denied the mass of blacks, and it is in their behalf that fair-housing advocates are acting. The fair-housing fight will take the racial struggle out of the schools and into the homes. Former president Richard Nixon, that master of middle-class homiletics, explained what is at stake: "Quite apart from racial considerations, residents in outlying areas may and often do object to the building in their communities of subsidized housing, which they fear may have the effect of lowering property values and of bringing in large numbers of persons who will contribute less in taxes than they consume." Nixon hardly had to mention the more obvious suburban fears: of crime, drugs, and cultural differences that are associated with the inner-city poor. Forty percent of America, Harvard's Thomas Pettigrew notes, does not want blacks of any class living next door. So "spatial deconcentration of the poor," as the planners call it, will be the hot issue of urban politics in the Eighties. As the situation in Brookhaven, Long Island, demonstrates [see article on page 17], the issue is already heating up in the metropolitan areas of the economically troubled Snowbelt.

Until recently, the suburbs, which boast growing, affluent populations and real political muscle in the state legislatures, have clearly had the upper hand. And they have been intent on keeping it, if only to protect what residents call "the character of the community." Their primary weapon has been zoning—"exclusionary zoning," as it is called by the small band of activists who would destroy it to gain increased opportunities for the poor.

Zoning is a relatively modern invention. Created in Europe, it was imported by the United States in 1916 as a device for strengthening the institution of private property, which was facing rapid change. At that time, outlying towns were experiencing the pressures of out-migration from the central city, and zoning in those towns came to near-universal application. Lawyers like New York's Edward Bassett proposed that common-law property rights be combined with "police power" (constitutionally delegated by the state to its towns) in order to build a comprehensive land-use scheme. Legislatures went along with the idea. "The insulation of the single-family detached dwelling was the primary objective of early zoning," says Richard Babcock, the nation's leading land-use attorney, in his book *The Zoning Game*.

That objective still prevails, although other aspects of zoning have changed. Exclusionary zoning, with its one- and even two-acre plot minimums, is the white noose around our cities. If it is not loosened, the poor trapped within the cities will become increasingly desperate. They may then behave as they did in New York City last summer when the lights went out, and that would make suburbanites even more determined to keep the noose firmly in place.

Those who would integrate the suburbs have only a small constituency and no national figures or institutions to carry their banner. In a recent Gallup poll, conducted in behalf of the *Christian Science Monitor*, a mere 8 percent of the inner-city respondents said they would like to move from their neighborhoods to the suburbs. Yet the barriers are gradually coming down. One reason for this is the forceful and resourceful action taken by fair-housing advocates: the Suburban Action Institute; the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing; and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Another reason is the growing conviction among state judges—the judicial front line in this struggle—and other legal authorities that the U.S. Constitution mandates an end to exclusionary zoning.

In an 800-page report on zoning issued last year, the American Bar Association (ABA), no haven for zealous liberals, concluded that "the available legal and institutional devices must be reformed to more sensitively shape and direct our metropolitan regions and to promote the 'living welfare of the people.' " Exclusionary zoning, the ABA said, stands in the way of equity and justice. Urban affairs specialists are increasingly saying the same thing. Urban economist Anthony Downs, former Housing and Urban Development (HUD) assistant secretary Charles Haar, and Princeton political scientist Michael Danielson have each taken aim, in recently published books, at the suburban practice of exclusion.

At the state level, the clear leader in the fight against exclusionary zoning has been the supreme court of New Jersey. It was the first court in the nation to unequivocally call the practice "illegal" and "immoral." That decision involved the south Jersey town of Mount Laurel, which, ironically, had been settled by blacks. They had subsequently been squeezed out when the place attracted middle-class whites working in Philadelphia. The Mount Laurel ruling, issued in 1975, has been modified, but the basic order still stands: Every town in New Jersey must carry its "fair share" of the burden of providing housing opportunities for persons of low and moderate incomes. The governor and the legislature must determine what each town's share will actually be; to nobody's surprise, they have been stalling.

The supreme court of New York recently undertook both parts of the task: The court not only ordered the town of New Castle, in northern Westchester County, to rezone land for use in the building of housing for the poor but also told the

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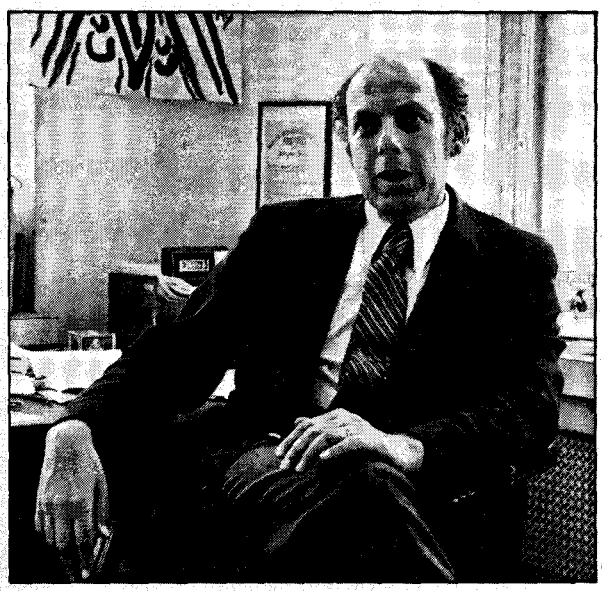

Mark Haven

Paul Davidoff, Suburban Action Institute president: "The issue of housing the poor in the suburbs will make the desegregation of public schools look simple because the threat is more immediate than with the schools. The problem is not getting everybody to share the city's burdens. It's a matter of stopping the manipulation of the law by the well-to-do for their own protection."

town how many units should be provided for, based on the court's determination of regional housing needs. Neither the New York nor the New Jersey court, however, contracted with developers or suggested how the new homes would be financed.

In an issue of this sort, the position of the federal government is more important than that of all the state governments combined. Only Congress or the U.S. Supreme Court can make decisions that affect the entire nation—and all its suburbs. Only agencies like HUD can bestow or deny funds to coax or compel certain kinds of municipal behavior.

What can fair-housing advocates expect from the federal government on the suburban issue? Not much. President Carter, despite some liberals' palpitating expectations, has shown that he intends to do little for the cities and nothing for the cause of shifting some of their load onto the suburbs. The balanced budget is the standard against which he wants to be judged, and a serious attack on any aspect of the urban problem means budgets out of balance. Carter has told his interagency Urban and Regional Policy Group, led by HUD secretary Patricia Harris, that what we are presently spending on cities is enough. When the group asked for an additional $6- to $10-billion commitment, Carter turned down the request as being poorly thought out—and then added a comparable amount to the defense budget.

Secretary Harris promised last spring to get tough with the exclusionary suburbs, but little has come of the promise. Only one federal program—Section 8—is still helping to provide low-income families with decent housing, leaving activists like the Suburban Action Institute with much more of a will than a way to effect change. HUD has decided to use what money it can command in the cities themselves. In a recent interview with *Saturday Review*, Secretary Harris said, in essence, that her agency is seeking the biggest bang for the buck: "We avoid the moral issue [of where to house the poor]. Since funds are limited, it is best to use them where justice will be done"—that is, in communities that voluntarily comply with national fair-housing laws.

Meanwhile, HUD wields the power to cut off community development block grants to municipalities that fail to meet the housing needs of the poor. But it has been very slow to use that power: Of the more than 1,300 municipalities receiving chunks of the $4 billion in community development money, only two dozen have thus far been denied their apportioned shares. HUD has seldom taken to court communities that refuse to heed the housing mandate. "Choice is involved," the secretary reasons, and the municipalities have exercised theirs. Thus, as President Nixon made perfectly clear, there will be no forced integration of housing.

As for the Burger Court, it has already declared itself on the matter of suburban housing. In early 1977, the Court ruled that the mere effect of discrimination in nearly all-white Arlington Heights (Chicago) was not sufficient to establish the fact of unconstitutional discrimination. It must also be proved, the Court said, that the intent to discriminate underlies Arlington's—and presumably any other community's—zoning restrictions. One wonders what the justices require beyond plain self-evidence.

Judicial philosophy aside, the matter finally becomes a question of federal financial commitment. Even if HUD put all of its currently available housing subsidies into suburban markets, these subsidies would pay for construction of fewer than 90 apartment houses a year in the nation's 5,000 suburbs. It is a long way from there to a significant degree of integration.

Yet social revolutions in this country have a way of developing in the old free enterprise fashion, without massive federal aid. The black students who staged the sit-ins at Greensboro lunch counters weren't paid by HUD or even by LBJ; they were propelled by their own sense of right and necessity and aided by clear-sighted judges. Fair-housing advocates are operating with the same propulsion and assistance. What remains missing is presidential and gubernatorial leadership. Without that, and without a convenient symbol of opposition like Orval Faubus or George Wallace, the suburbs cannot be massively integrated. The danger, then, is the continued, concentrated, explosive presence of the poor in America's cities. —WILLIAM G. CONWAY

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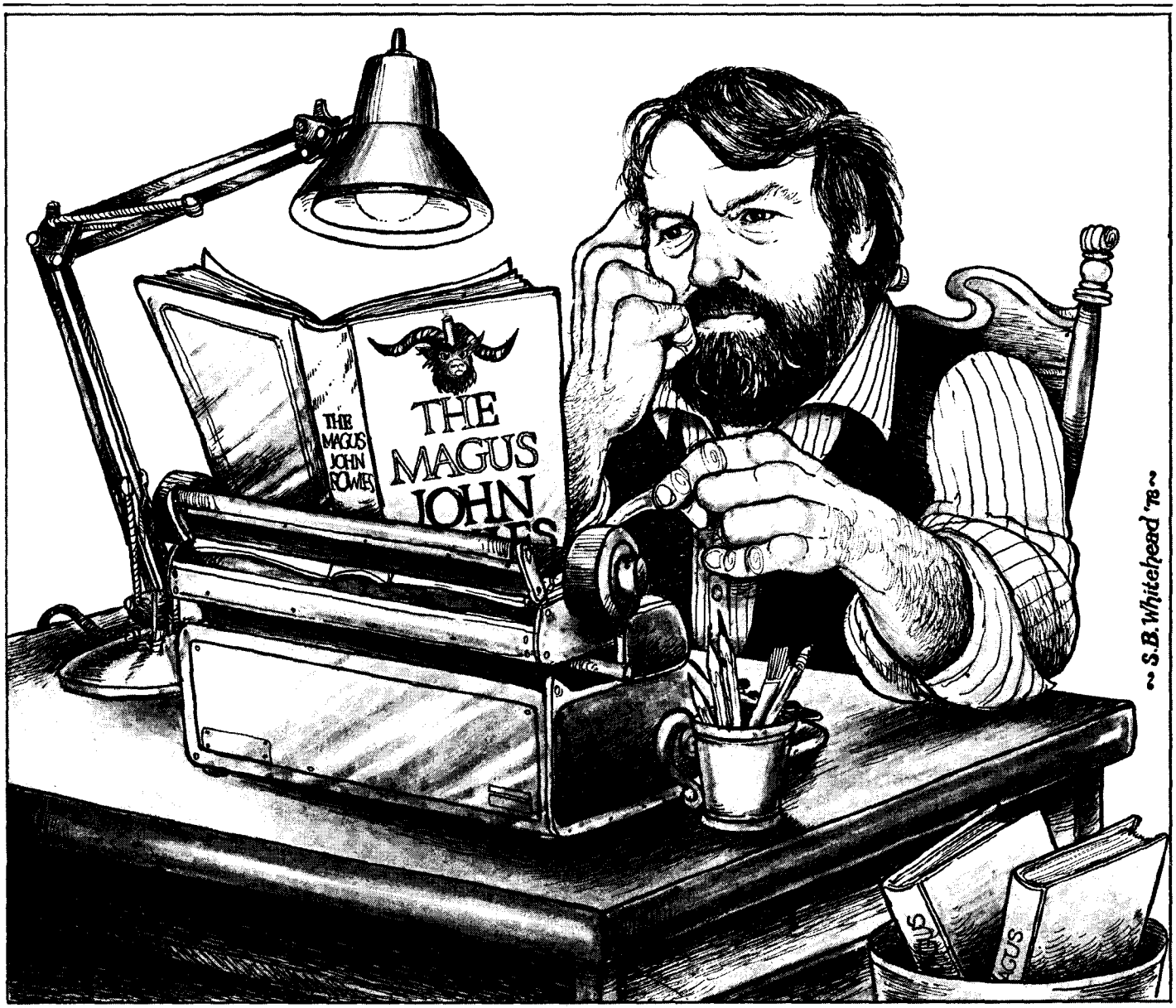
John Fowles: Why I Rewrote "The Magus"



by John Fowles

WHEN RECENTLY I told a literary journalist that I had rewritten *The Magus*, he said, with one of those leaps to the worst possible imputation so dear to his kind, that it sounded an ingenious way of getting a second bite at the royalty apple. He knew the book had already made a lot of money. I reminded him that successful novelists who still live in England may have every other sin laid at their door, but not that of financial greed. Not to be thwarted, he then sympathized with me for running out of ideas—a matter on which he probably decided this past autumn, since I rewrote *The Magus* while finishing another and, I am afraid, even longer new novel.

The real motive was something much simpler: a guilt. Most novelists feel a death as soon as a text is in print. The living metal turns cold and cast, the private myth becomes only too public, incriminating evidence. But I felt something worse than that quite normal postnatal depression. I well remember receiving the first bound copy, opening it at hazard, and seeing a flagrantly unnecessary word in the very first sentence my eyes lighted on; then a clumsy repetition a few lines down—four or five bungles

John Fowles studied French at Oxford and then lived in France and Greece for several years. His most recent novel is Daniel Martin. *The revised version of* The Magus *(including the introduction, from which this article is adapted) will be published by Little, Brown next month.*

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just on that one page. I knew I had committed a very ancient literary crime. Obsessed with story, I had neglected its articulation. I had published before I was ready.

Perhaps this is a fault most writers are wise enough to avoid; it certainly seems so, because so far as I can discover, what I have done is a rare thing. If there is another reason, beyond the little faith of publishers, it may lie in a peculiar truth about art, and in particular with long forms like the novel. Rewriting assumes that one has learned something about one's craft in the intervening years, but I suspect that very often this means little more than a learning to be more careful—or more conforming. This is why film remakes so seldom improve on their first avatar. Original failings often have a bizarrely positive role to play. I have for instance always thought one of the most attractive things about Jane Austen is her erratic level of performance. It is a kind of invert-Philistine myth that she is never trite or dull, never puts a foot wrong. Page by page she often is, and does; her genius (Mozart is a similar case) lies in those marvelous lifts to the most perceptive of wits, the most delicately stated moral truths, the passages of faultless dialogue. But her virtues must have vices to lift *from*, and in my opinion, Irish though it may seem, she would not be half so good were she consistently better.

So here I am doubting perfectibility, yet trying to issue an improved text. This further perversity has mainly to do with the odd public reception *The Magus* has had. I have long learned to accept that the fiction that professionally always pleased me least (a dissatisfaction strongly endorsed by many of its original reviewers) persists in attracting a majority of my readers most. I know this from their letters, which by now would make a book in themselves. The greater part have not discussed the novel in literary terms at all; their writers most often sound like people who have had, or dream of having, a similar experience to my protagonist's. Many have betrayed a pitiful lack of faith in the powers of the unaided imagination. I have lost count of the inquiries as to whether I use acid or mescaline when I am writing, how long I studied under Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, and so on.

Another familiar kind of letter is less brainwashed. The most touching of the sort I ever received was an endless scrawl written one San Francisco dawn by a young man who had told his family the previous evening that he had decided to go to Canada rather than answer his draft for Vietnam. His father had said he never wanted to see him again, that from now on he was as dead as if he had trodden on a Vietcong mine. The boy had ended up in some all-night café, with only *The Magus* for company. Having used it as Nembutal, he wrote me the things he had not been able to say to his father: about love, personal conscience, growing up, learning what one is, because he thought I "might understand." It was not in any sense a fan letter—in some odd way, much more addressed to the unheroic hero of the book than to myself.

However, the net result of many such letters—and also of some academic studies of the novel—has been to make me feel that the book's text has some mysterious soporific effect on normal critical standards. I do not believe that the intention matters more than the craft, idea more than language; and I do believe that almost all major human evils in our world come from betrayal of the word at a very humble level. In short, I have always felt with *The Magus* like an insufficiently arrested murderer.

The story appeared in 1965, after two other books, but in every way except that of mere publishing date, it is a first novel. I began writing it in the early 1950s, and both narrative and mood went through countless transformations. In its original form there was a clear supernatural element—an attempt at something along the lines of Henry James's masterpiece, *The Turn of the Screw*. But I had no coherent idea at all of where I was going, in life as in the book. A more objective side of me did not then believe I should ever become a publishable writer; a subjective one could not abandon the myth it was trying, clumsily and laboriously, to bring into the world; and my strongest memory is of constantly having to abandon drafts because of an inability to describe what I wanted. Both technique and that bizarre face of the imagination that seems to be more like a failure to remember the already existent than what it really is—a failure to evoke the nonexistent—kept me miserably aground. Yet when the success of *The Collector* in 1963 gave me some literary confidence, it was this endlessly tortured and recast cripple that demanded precedence over various other novels I had attempted in the 1950s, at least two of which were, I suspect, more presentable and might have done my name, at least in my own country, more good.

In 1964 I went to work and collated and rewrote all the previous drafts. But *The Magus* remained essentially where a tyro taught himself to write novels—beneath its narrative, a notebook of an exploration, often erring and misconceived, into an unknown land. Even in its final published form it was a far more haphazard and naïvely instinctive work than the more intellectual reader can easily imagine; the hardest blows I had to bear from critics were those that condemned the book as a coldly calculated exercise in fantasy, a cerebral game. But then, one of the (incurable) faults of the book was the attempt to conceal the real state of endless flux in which it was written.

Besides the obvious influence of Jung, whose theories deeply interested me at the time, three other novels were of importance in the writing. The model I was most conscious of was Alain-Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*, indeed so conscious that I suppressed a number of too overt references to it. The parallels may not be very striking to the literal-minded analyst, but *The Magus* would have been a profoundly different book if it were not for its French forebear. The capacity of *Le Grand Meaulnes* (for some of us, at any rate) to provide an experience beyond the literary was precisely what I wanted to instill in my own story. Another failure in *The Magus*, which again I cannot now remedy, was my inability to see that this longing is characteristic of adolescence. At least the adolescence of Augustin Meaulnes is open and specific.

The second influence may seem surprising, but it was undoubtedly that of a book which haunted my childhood imagination, Richard Jefferies's *Bevis*. I believe novelists are formed, whether they know it or not, very young indeed; and *Bevis* shares a quality with *Le Grand Meaulnes*: that of projecting a very different world from the one that is—or that was to the middle-class suburban child I had outwardly to be. I cite it as a reminder that the deep pattern, and mood, of such books remains long after one has graduated from them in more obvious ways.

The third book that lies behind *The Magus* I did not recognize at the time and can list now thanks to the percipience of a student at Reading University who wrote to me one day, years after publication, and pointed out the numerous parallels with *Great Expectations*. What she did not know is that it is the one novel by Dickens for which I have always had an undivided admiration and love (and for which I forgive him so much else I dislike in his work); that during the earlier writing of my own novel I was even teaching it, with great enjoyment, as a course book; and that I had long toyed with the notion of making the

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magus himself a woman—an idea whose faint ghost, Miss Havisham's, remains in the figure of Mrs. de Seitas. One small new passage in the revised text is in homage to that unseen influence.

If I had a working device during the original writing, it was Alain-Fournier's "I like the marvelous only inside the real," an ambition much more simply stated than attained, as he himself was to discover. Most of the new or rewritten scenes, especially in the island part of the book, have remained in pursuit of that elusive goal. I now see that I made my task even more difficult by equating "the real" with a surface realism in style. It may well be that the events of the story would be more plausible veiled behind a poetic unrealism, an allegorical manner; but I am too long wedded to the plain road to attempt anything different now. I should, too, have added another name to my list of masters: that of Raymond Chandler.

One thing I funked telling my literary journalist was that the erotic element is stronger. I know what he would have thought of that, but I regard it as merely the correction of a past failure of nerve—or perhaps just of inability. Our century has so fudged the frontier between the erotic and the pornographic that the "area" has become notoriously fraught with problems. I see nothing at all wrong with Eros—and very little right about the two currently fashionable ways of slaughtering him: by mechanical brutality or by a puritanical algebra.

NO WRITER will happily disclose the deeper biographical influences on his work, which are seldom those of outward date and occupation, and I am no exception. But my island of Phraxos (the "fenced" island) is the real Greek island of Spetsai, where I taught in 1951 and 1952 at a private boarding school—not, in those days, very like the one in the book. If I had attempted a true portrait of it, I should have been committed to a comic novel.

The well-known Greek millionaire who has now taken over a part of Spetsai is in no way connected with my fictional one: The arrival of Mr. Niarchos came much later. Nor was the then owner of the villa of "Bourani," some of whose outward appearance and whose superb site I did appropriate, in the least the model for my character, though I understand that this is now by way of becoming another local legend. I met the gentleman—a friend of the elder Venizelos—only twice and very briefly. It was his house that I remembered.

It is probably impossible today—I speak from hearsay, never having returned there—to imagine Spetsai as I have pictured it just after the war. Life there was lonely in the extreme, though there were always two English masters at the school, not the one of the book. I was fortunate in my chance-brought colleague, and now old friend, Denys Sharrocks. He was exceptionally well read and far wiser in the ways of the Greeks than myself. He first took me to the villa. He had recently decided to kill a literary ambition of his own. "Bourani," he declared wryly, was where he had on a previous visit written the last poem of his life. In some peculiar way this fused a spark in my imagination—the strangely isolated villa, its magnificent setting, the death of a friend's illusion—and as we approached the villa on its cape that first time, there came a very anomalous sound indeed for a classical landscape: not the august Pleyel harpsichord of my book, but something much more absurdly reminiscent of a Welsh chapel. I hope the harmonium is still there. It also gave birth to something.

Foreign faces on the island—even Greek ones—were then great rarities. I remember a boy rushing up to Denys and myself one day to announce that another Englishman had landed from the Athens steamer—and how we set off, like two Dr. Livingstones, to greet this unheard-of arrival on our desert island. On another occasion it was Henry Miller's Colossus of Maroussi, Katsimbalis, whom we hastened to pay our respects to. There was still a touching atmosphere of a one village about Greece then.

Away from its inhabited corner Spetsai was truly haunted, though by subtler—and more beautiful—ghosts than those I have created. Its pine forest silences were uncanny, unlike those I have experienced anywhere else; like an eternally blank page waiting for a note or a word. They gave the most curious sense of timelessness and of incipient myth. In no place was it less likely that something would happen; yet somehow happening lay always poised. The genius loci was very similar indeed to that of Mallarmé's finest poems of the unseen flight, of words defeated before the inexpressible. I am hard put to convey the importance of this experience for me as a writer. It imbued and marked me far more profoundly than any of my more social and physical memories of the place. I already knew I was a permanent exile from many aspects of English society, but a novelist has to enter deeper exiles still.

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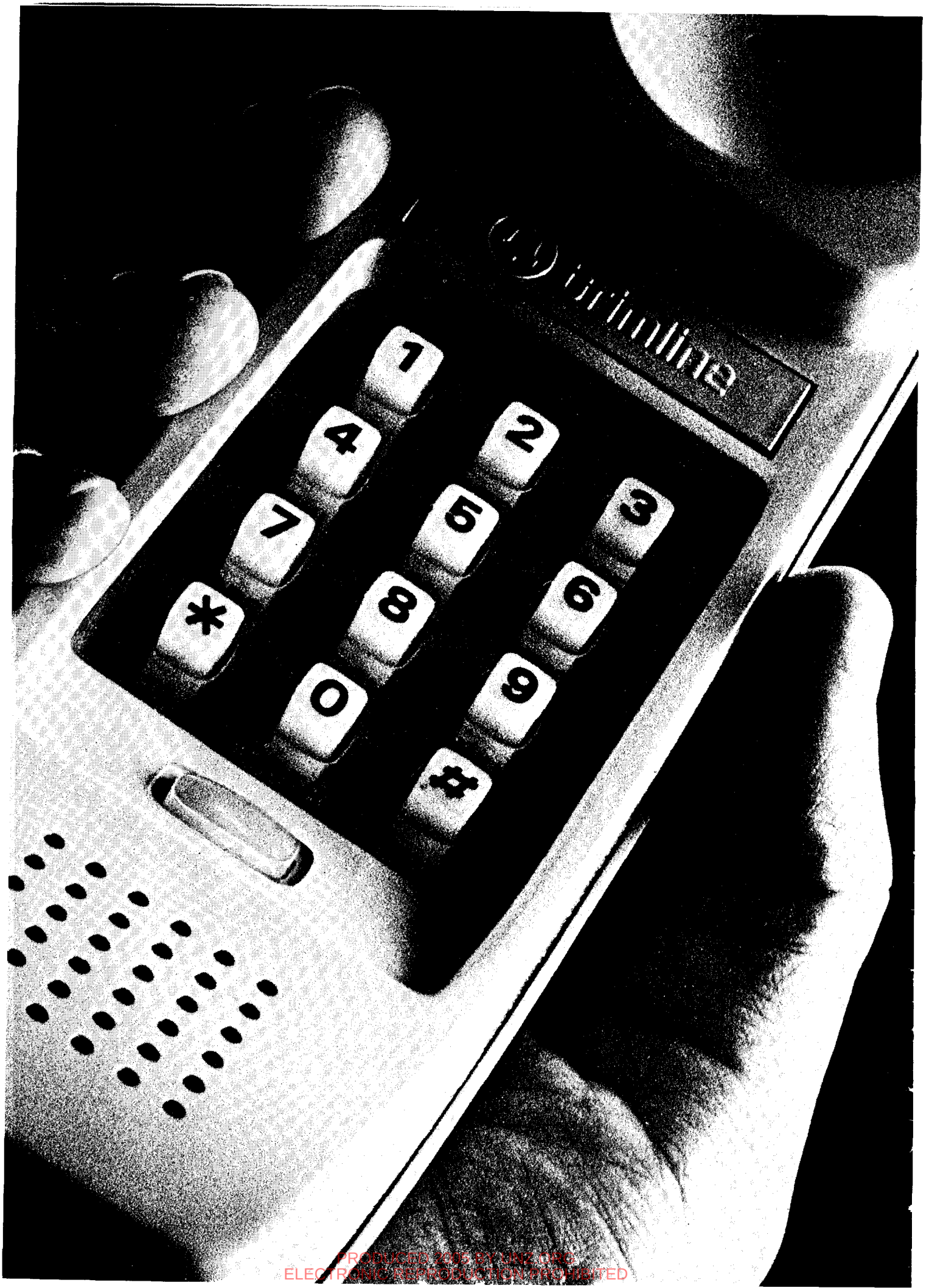

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was depressive, as many young would-be writers and painters who have gone to Greece for inspiration have discovered. We used to have a nickname for the sense of inadequacy and acedia it induced—the "Aegean Blues." One has to be a very complete artist to create good work among the purest and most balanced landscapes on this planet, and especially when one knows that their only conceivable human match was met in a time beyond reentry. The Greece of the islands is Circe still; no place for the artist voyager to linger long, if he cares for his soul.

No correlative whatever of my fiction, beyond the above, took place on Spetsai during my stay. What ground the events of the book have in reality came after I had returned to England. I had escaped Circe, but the withdrawal symptoms were severe. I had not then realized that loss is essential for the novelist, immensely fertile for his books, however painful to his private being. This unresolved sense of a lack, of a missed opportunity, led me to graft certain dilemmas of a private situation in England on the memory of the island and its solitudes, which became increasingly for me the lost Eden, the *domaine sans nom* of Alain-Fournier—even Bevis's farm, perhaps. Gradually my protagonist, Nicholas, took on, if not the true representative face of a modern Everyman, at least that of a partial Everyman of my own class and background. There is a private pun in the family name I gave him. As a child I could not pronounce *th* except as *f*, and "Urfe" really stands for "earth"—a coining that long preceded the convenient connection with Honoré d'Urfé and *L'Astrée*.

Novels, even much more lucidly conceived and controlled ones than this, are not like crossword puzzles, with one unique set of correct answers behind the clues—an analogy ("Dear Mr. Fowles, Please explain the real significance of...") I sometimes despair of ever extirpating from the contemporary student mind. If *The Magus* has any "real significance," it is no more than that of the Rorschach test in psychology. Its meaning is whatever reaction it provokes in the reader, and so far as I am concerned there is no given "right" reaction.

In revising the text, I have not attempted to answer the many justified criticisms of excess, overcomplexity, artificiality, and the rest that the book received from the more sternly adult reviewers on its first appearance. I now know the generation whose mind it most attracts and that it must always substantially remain a novel of adolescence written by a retarded adolescent. My only plea is that all artists should range the full extent of their own lives freely. The rest of the world can censor and bury their private past. We cannot, and so have to remain partly green till the day we die—callow-green in the hope of becoming fertile-green. It is a constant complaint in that most revealing of all modern novels about novelists, Thomas Hardy's agonized last fiction, *The Well-Beloved*: how the much younger self still rules the supposedly "mature" and middle-aged artist. One may reject the tyranny, as Hardy himself did, but the cost is the end of one's ability to write novels. *The Magus* was also (though quite unconsciously) an out-of-hand celebration of acceptance of the yoke.

If there is some central scheme beneath the (more Irish than Greek) stew of intuitions about the nature of human existence—and of fiction—it lies perhaps in the alternative title, whose rejection I still sometimes regret, *The Godgame*. I did intend Conchis, the part sham and part shaman of the used title, to exhibit a series of masks representing human notions of God, from the supernatural to the jargon ridden scientific, that is, a series of human illusions about something that does not exist in fact: absolute knowledge and absolute power. The destruction of such illusions seems to me still an eminently humanist aim, and I wish there were some supermagus who could put the Arabs and the Israelis, or the Ulster Catholics and Protestants, through the same heuristic mill as Nicholas had to endure.

I believe God and freedom are totally antipathetic concepts; and men revere their imaginary gods most often because they are afraid to believe in the other thing. I am old enough to realize now that they do so sometimes with good reason. But I stick by the general principle, and that is what I meant to be at the heart of my story: that true freedom lies between each two, never in one alone, and therefore it can never be absolute freedom. All freedom, even the most relative, may be a fiction; but my own fiction, and still today, prefers the other hypothesis. ◉

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From Here to Immortality

Paradise I
by Alan Harrington
Little, Brown, 372 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

NO AGE CAN definitively rank its own artists; somebody always seems to get misplaced. Robert Southey was generally thought by his contemporaries to be the greatest of the first generation of Romantic poets—Coleridge was considered too bizarre and erratic; and Wordsworth, too much given to flights of fancy. The pompous Southey, staunch moralist that he was, had the firm grip on life that nineteenth-century England admired.

Even our own age, obsessed as it is with discovery and list-making, is no less myopic than the rest, for it has consistently ignored an important writer named Alan Harrington. The difficulty is that Harrington fits no convenient category. In a literary era of would-be individualists, he is the oddest and quirkiest of the lot. He may not be our Wordsworth or Coleridge, but he has our Southeys beaten by a mile.

In his new novel, *Paradise I*, the fundamental difficulty is again one of classification. The publisher is calling this a "utopian novel." That's usually no more than a euphemism for science fiction written by an established novelist outside the field, but in this case the label is both apt and accurate, for the book is a utopian fantasy that posits a world in which man has achieved immortality by scientific means. And the publisher does well to warn off regular readers of science fiction because this is a curious, devious, almost arcane book, with literary devices that might tend to exasperate them. (Of all Harrington's contemporaries, the only one who might have written anything even remotely like it is Norman Mailer.)

Paradise I should remind readers who may know Harrington only from his last two books that he began as a novelist and is essentially that still. His first novel, *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto* (1955), caused a stir among critics as an ironic flank attack on the quietism of the Fifties. His second novel, *The Secret Swinger* (1966), dealt with events that played a part in the creation—by certain identifiable Beat Generation personalities—of the new Sixties sensibility, events to which Harrington, by then an old-timer on the New York scene, had been a witness. Between these two novels, he published a work of nonfiction, *Life in the Crystal Palace* (1959), which was almost the last, and in many ways the best, of the numerous studies of the life of the individual in the American corporation.

The book for which Harrington is best known, *The Immortalist* (1948), is a wild, mind-stretching shocker that deals with those faltering steps now being made by science—cryogenics, cloning, genetic engineering—toward the infinite extension of human life. Accepting their success as his premise, Harrington seeks to develop a philosophy of immortality, and he succeeds in a way that would have done credit to Albert Camus, a writer who I think has influenced him considerably. Harrington's last book, *Psychopaths* (1972), is just as bold, for it examines the psychopathic personality not just in the context of criminal behavior but also, in a more sinister way, in the familiar world of our day-to-day contacts. Psychopaths are all around us, he assures us—and, brilliantly, he convinces us that he is right.

Something of all of these books can be found in *Paradise I*, though it derives most directly, of course, from *The Immortalist*. In the new novel, Harrington gives us a vision of the kind of social structure that might exist in the artificial eternity he proposed in his earlier book. That society, however, turns out to be dismayingly like the structured corporate world of *Life in the Crystal Palace*; it is also a society in which individual personality is largely ex-

Bruce Cook, a free-lance writer, is the author of The Beat Generation. *His most recently published work is* Dalton Trumbo.

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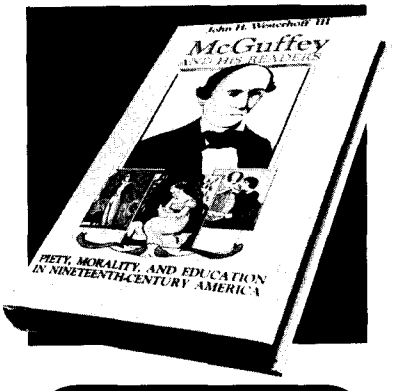

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tinguished and in which, for all practical purposes, Dr. Modesto's doctrine of centralism prevails. Finally, the social apparatus by which control is exercised has been cleverly engineered through the public relations of one Paul Peacock, who is in effect the ruler of the world—and a secret psychopath.

The novel is organized around the trial of Peacock, who has been charged with abusing his nearly unlimited power. Chief witness for the prosecution is Arthur Franklin, a former public relations associate of Peacock's and, back in the dim beginnings of the Age of Immortality, the first man on whom the gift of eternity was bestowed. From the outset, it is evident that Franklin, the protagonist and the witness to countless abuses by Peacock, has had his memory tampered with. Revived from his deep freeze sleep for the trial, Franklin struggles with the past. His memories—imperfect, rather sinisterly edited by Peacock's people, and supplemented incompletely from other sources—make up the bulk of the book.

What we get from Arthur Franklin is a kind of bird's-eye view of the world's chaotic transition to immortality—and in this way, *Paradise I* often seems more a chronicle than a novel. In such a period of turmoil, charlatans and manipulators such as Peacock are free to work on the public. And as Harrington tells us, that is where the danger lies: Immortality is on its way (he means it), and if we don't prepare for it, then the Paul Peacocks of this world will. They will preside over an infinity that is, by Arthur Franklin's description, "a school, a prison, an experimental laboratory...a hospital." ◉

Books in Brief

Splendid Lives
by Penelope Gilliatt
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan
147 pp., $7.95

There are lots of old English people in *Splendid Lives*, Penelope Gilliatt's collection of short stories, and they suffer mostly from too much splendidness. Performing courageous, conscionable, and gallantly desperate acts, the characters *are* splendid. But to be seen as such and as little else—without bile, for example, or neurosis—is to be seen partially and sentimentally. The characters' excesses of goodness and wisdom too often look like consolation prizes for having to be old. Imagine an uncritical, praise-filled biography of Bertrand Russell called *Splendid Bertie*, and you have some insight into Gilliatt's perspective on her aged characters.

Several of the stories are nonetheless affecting and convincing. The two best, "The Sports Chemist" and "Catering"—which are not about the elderly—first appeared in *The New Yorker*. The sports chemist, a "weedy" survivor, rescues his athletic lover from drowning and proves that "heroism lies in not being as weak as at other times." In "Catering," every surface of Mrs. Pope's house, every brain cell, is occupied with the making of weddings—at "ten pounds net." The psychology of downstairs is conveyed in "Catering" largely through Gilliatt's brilliant inventory of foods and obsessive tasks: Thursday's double turkey roast, Friday's "fancies" making, Sunday's icing of the cake. But the fervor and the silliness of those who cater, even when they happen to live upstairs, are never ridiculed. The gentle ironies of *Splendid Lives* are all at the expense of circumstance, not of people.

—LAURIE STONE

Ferber: A Biography
by Julie Goldsmith Gilbert
Doubleday, 456 pp., $10.50

"Although she was quite close to her great-aunt," states the publisher's catalog, "Ms. Gilbert is not blind to her faults." And how. The Edna Ferber of this biography is a selfish, bad-tempered person, childishly attention-seeking, ungrateful, and rude to her social inferiors. This impression is heightened, and the reader's sympathy forfeited, by the peculiar structure Gilbert has chosen. Perhaps in imitation of Kaufman and Hart's *Merrily We Roll Along*, she tells her story in reverse chronological order, presenting us straightaway with a nasty old lady and creating a series of effects without causes, climaxes without resonance (as when we are told that Edna's mother died saying, "I ruined your life" before we know what she had done).

The larger problem, though, is what the justification for such a book could be. As Gilbert herself admits in her "epilogue" (placed before chapter one), Edna Ferber is no longer a popular favorite; she was never well thought of by respected critics; and she did not lead a glamorous life. The result is a biography patched together from tedious, spiteful letters, newspaper re-

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views, and cute childhood memories. There is also Gilbert's coy speculation about her great-aunt's sex life to contend with—her glee when she pounces on a likely candidate—and her distressing attempts to psychoanalyze the dead. She likes to write in tarted-up clichés, as when she says that "one really had to be up to the potent snuff that wafted around the [round] table," conjuring up a picture of Dorothy Parker and Alexander Woollcott kicking the gong around.

Often she seems to be writing in a language that is not her native tongue—or anybody else's. When her great-aunt issued an invitation, Gilbert writes, "Oppenheimer would refuse in lieu of another appointment," and Ferber's sister's life without her was "a fraught sort of freedom."

My favorite of Gilbert's observations occurs in a list of Ferber's preferences in food: "She kept her potatoes simple." And indeed, who among us could wish for a prettier epitaph? —RHODA KOENIG

Organizing for Peace: A Personal History of the Founding of the United Nations
by Clark M. Eichelberger
Harper & Row, 317 pp., $15

The United Nations is almost as familiar to Americans as the Stars and Stripes; and like the flag, the U.N. is more honored nowadays as a symbol of political cooperation than as an instrument for achieving it. But this was not always so. For the U.N. was born of ardent hopes for the elimination of war and the advancement of the common interests of mankind. If these aims sound naive, it is because our moral will has faltered, not because the hopes were misguided. Or so Clark Eichelberger believes, and his personal record of a life dedicated to the ideals behind the U.N. bears persuasive evidence.

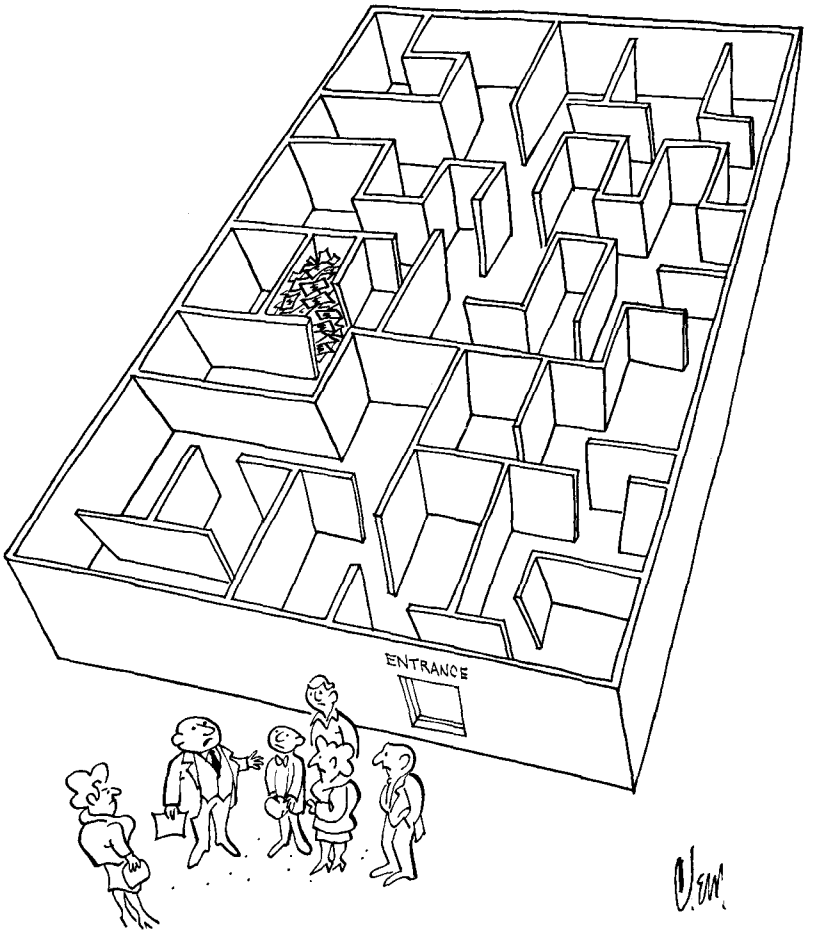
To be sure, the first experiment in international peace-keeping organization, the League of Nations, betrayed signs of loose idealism and political innocence. But Eichelberger was seized from the beginning by the league's promise of world peace and by the prospect of realizing it through a permanent institution. He worked within the league (even though the United States rejected membership) and tirelessly promoted its reputation, becoming close to presidents and ministers in the process. Then as World War II drew near, he knew the league must die and be replaced by a new and stronger organization, energized by the universal experience of a devastating war and framed by rigorous and experienced minds. Opposed to isolationism in both war and peace, Eichelberger's vigorous internationalism found a friend in FDR's humane pragmatism, and during the war, Eichelberger became deeply immersed in the Roosevelt administration's plans for the postwar world: hence the U.N. If Eichelberger's modest account of his contribution to the events and ideas that gave birth to the U.N. does nothing more, it proves that idealism can be tough-minded and that world peace can be pursued without illusions. —JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

A Vein of Riches
by John Knowles
Little, Brown, 343 pp., $9.95

John Knowles, author of the highly acclaimed *A Separate Peace*, has now written a soap operatic historical novel about a coal baron's family in West Virginia that loses its money but discovers "things that really mean a lot more." That *A Vein of Riches* refers not just to the novel's coal boom setting but also to these newly plumbed human feelings and values is a point Knowles wants very badly for us not to miss: "God, I have a lot of deep feelings, he thought. It's something running right through me, very deeply, a vein or seam, all these feelings and caring and falling so deeply in love."

By relentlessly spelling everything out, Knowles demonstrates little confidence in his own or in his readers' imagination. If he thinks we may miss a symbol, he identifies it for us: "Clarkson surveyed the scene, a formidable figure in his vested navy blue suit with high stiff collar, watch chain, all the symbols of business power." When waxing allegorical, Knowles not only perpetrates clichés but sometimes capitalizes them: "It seemed to him that a door, the one opening on a room known as Good Clean Fun, was closing in his life." And he even labels epiphanies: "These words broke over him with the force of an epiphany."

When reading the first few pages of a novel as trite as this, one has a perverse feeling of comfort, a sensation that at least our sensibilities are not going to be taxed. After a while though, the experience becomes embarrassing and a bit depressing.
—JACK SULLIVAN



"As you know, your uncle left a rather unusual will."

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Fine Print

Parody of Forms

by Doris Grumbach

TO SATISFY the inevitable optimism of the spring publishing season, I would like to bring three recent books to your attention. They are as different as three books chosen at random can be.

The Last Cowboy, by Jane Kramer (Harper & Row, $8.95), first appeared in *The New Yorker*. I read only one part of it, so I was glad to come upon the whole reprinted in book form. Jane Kramer combines the good eye and ear of the reporter with a narrative skill unusual in journalism. Her book is about Henry Blanton, whose father and grandfather had lived and worked on ranches in the Texas panhandle. Full of disappointment at failing to achieve the American dream of owning one's own spread, Henry, at forty, lives in a fantasy like those created by Hollywood:

> The West that Henry mourned belonged to the Western movie, where the land and cattle went to their proper guardians and brought a fortune in respect and power. It was a West where the best cowboy got to shoot the meanest outlaw, woo the prettiest schoolteacher, bed her briefly to produce sons, and then ignore her for the finer company of other cowboys.

Citizens who cling to the East Coast must form their concepts of cowboys from such movies, but so did Texan Henry Blanton. His wife, Betsy, appealed to him in his high school days because she resembled Jennifer Jones in *Duel in the Sun*. As a boy, he "took up brooding like Joel McCrea... tried on John Wayne's wise, squinty looks and Gary Cooper's virile silences." Blanton's middle-aged despair is all the greater because his life has achieved none of these stances. He is someone else's foreman; he lives among worn-out and similarly disappointed men; and his wife has lost her taste for the cinematic in real life and has come to prefer store-bought synthetic foods to cream from barn cows and wild strawberries from the patch in back of the house.

Jane Kramer has wrung from Henry and Betsy and old Sam, the dying cowpuncher, and their neighbors a tightly written, authentic, and moving narrative of lives lived in the shadow of an unattainable dream—the story of most American lives.

"Lighting out for the wilderness to escape the sins of one's neighbors, or one's fellow citizens, is a hallowed American impulse." Sixteen-year-old Ben Ziner, the subject of his mother's book, *Within This Wilderness*, by Feenie Ziner (Norton, $8.95), followed this impulse: Leaving his family, the boy went to live alone in the forests of British Columbia. During the late 1960s, he spent two winters in one of this continent's last wild areas. Then his mother, who had not seen him in seven years, decided to visit.

Her account is of their time together, of her adjustment to his hard life, of her growing appreciation of its values. She calls Ben "an unidentified casualty of the Vietnam war," a member of that "whole band of children [who] fell out of the world in 1969." His family had left the United States because they could not support the government's war policy and did not want to lose their sons to it. Ben went into the wilds, his mother felt, to atone for "the sin of being an American when all the world had reason to hate America."

Only near the end of his mother's visit does Ben confess the truth about his anti-capitalist and solitary life: "I wish I had money. I wish I did have company." But he stays on in the woods when she leaves for home. They weep in each other's arms, and this book—moving, understanding, compelling—ends in their mutual concern for each other. Feenie Ziner has come to realize she must let her son go his way. You will not come upon a better piece of autobiographical writing this year.

The Children of Bladensfield, by Evelyn K. Ward (Viking, $14.95), will remind the lover of Civil War letters and diaries of the pleasures to be extracted from the gentle and civilized accounts of what it was like to live in the South during those bloody and terrible years. Evelyn Ward, then a young child, was living on a small estate in Virginia at the time the War Between the States broke out. When she was a very old lady (she died at age eighty-eight, in 1941), she decided to put down her memories of those years—and what charming, evocative, simple, graphic memories they are!

By means of some miraculous transfiguration, Aunt Evie (as Peter Matthiessen, who has written an essay afterword for the book, calls her, he being Evelyn Ward's great-great-nephew) has told the story of her life on her beloved home place—of her sisters and her brothers and parents; of the family's exile to a safe place; of the coming of the Yankees—in a style so elegantly simple that we believe it is a child's report. But the child's language—sometimes exclamatory and oversentimental, as the comments of children are likely to be—is overlaid with unusual understanding and love, as can be seen in this story of the death of Aunt Evie's young brother: "There had been a battle—a mere skirmish—at Beverly's Ford, near Rapidan. Only a few were killed, but our Charley was among the few. Kind Mrs. Brockenbrough wrote that someone—some of our friends—had seen him propped against a tree after he had been shot—our Charley! Barely eighteen, shot in his own Virginia fields."

This book has those characteristics often used to describe lesser books: genuine sentiment, detail, and emotion. Wonderful reading, every page of it. ◉

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Straight and Dialect

Black Blues and Shiny Songs is the title of an unusual book of poems by Tommy Scott Young, a black actor and theatrical entrepreneur in North Carolina. Paperbound, the book sells for a mere $3 and is published by Red Clay Books, 6366 Sharon Hills Road, Charlotte, N.C. 28210. Some of the poems are in straight English; others, in a dialect that certainly sounds authentic to me. If you like this poem, "Ain Gon Ax You Twice," you'll like the book, and you'll want to buy it and help out a good small press:

honeysuckle in da wind
smelling mighty nice
come on walk wid me girl
I ain gon ax you twice

I'll walk you thew da meadow
pas da cujo vine
you ain got but one chance
guanteed to blow yo mind

we kin find a quiet spot
to lay down in da grass
we kin bathe out in da sunshine
to make da springtime las

we kin look up in da sky
way up at da birds & bees
& this is what dey gon say
when dey flyin cross da trees

Bird Bird Mr. Bird
have you heard da news
Bird Bird Bird Mr. Bird
have you heard da news
cain't you tell it's springtime
by da way da Coo Coo coos

Mr. Bee Mr. Bee
looky yonder in da grass

Mr. Bee Mr. Bee Bee Bee Mr. Bee
looky yonder in da grass
dere's two lovely lovers
tryin to make da springtime las

honeysuckle in da wind
smelling mighty nice
come on walk wid me
I ain gon ax you twice

Perfectly Magnificent Time

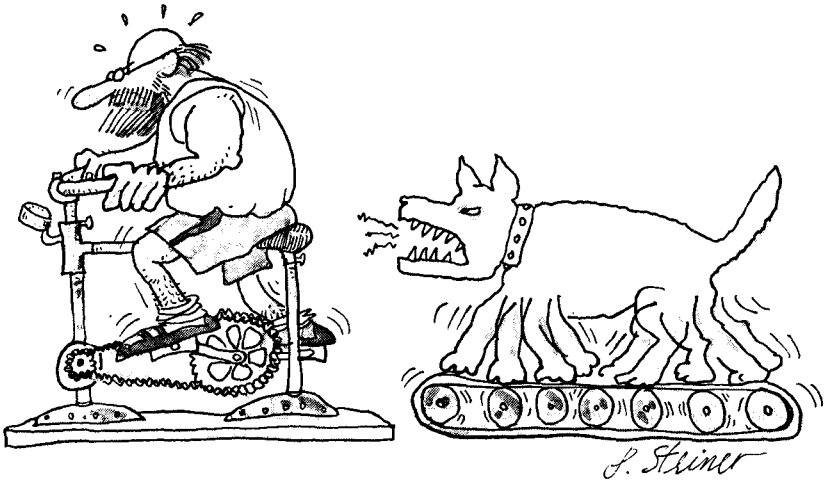
What a book! What a lovely, grating, mysterious, horrifying book! If *Going After Cacciato*, by Tim O'Brien (Delacorte, Seymour Lawrence, February 15, $8.95), does not become a best seller, there's something wrong with the public, the publisher, and me. GI Cacciato, described as "dumb as milk," doesn't like Vietnam and takes it into his head to walk to Paris. And what can the rest of his squad do but go after him and bring him back—over mountains, rivers, and continents, for six months and 8,000 miles. The six men in the squad are each sharply delineated. You love some, admire others, are indifferent to none. They pick up a lovely Vietnamese girl early on, and Paul Berlin, the "square" of the squad, falls in love with her. Among other amazing adventures, they witness a beheading in Tehran, are thrown in jail, condemned to die, but escape. Eventually, the reader doesn't know what is dream and what is reality; all he knows is that he's having a perfectly magnificent time and hopes it will never end. As I scribbled down in the middle of the book, "every word in the right place." Here's part of a longer litany of "They did not know ... ":

They did not know the names of most villages. They did not know which villages were critical. They did not know strategies. They did not know the terms of the war, its architecture, the rules of fair play. When they took prisoners, which was rare, they did not know the questions to ask, whether to release a suspect or beat on him. They did not know how to feel. Whether, when seeing a dead Vietnamese, to be happy or sad or relieved; whether, in times of quiet, to be apprehensive or content; whether to engage the enemy or elude him. They did not know how to feel when they saw villages burning. Revenge? Loss? Peace of mind or anguish? They did not know. They knew the old myths about Quang Ngai—tales passed down from old-timer to newcomer—but they did not know which stories to believe. Magic, mystery, ghosts and incense, whispers in the dark, strange tongues and strange smells, uncertainties never articulated in war stories, emotion squandered on ignorance. They did not know good from evil.

Full of Felicities

I've always been more of a Katherine Mansfielder than a Virginia Woolfer. I've read the few obligatory novels of the latter, but not the nonfiction. So when I picked up *Books and Portraits: Some Further Selections from the Literary and Biographical Writings of Virginia Woolf*, edited by Mary Lyon (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, February 20, $10), I was glad to find it full of felicities. She's a sharp commentator: "Emerson wrote for anthologies. Passages seem to break off in one's hands like ripe fruit without damage to the tree." Or, in an essay on Coleridge's criticism: "It is always well to re-read the classics. It is always wholesome to make sure that they still earn their pedestals and do not merely cast their shadows over heads bent superstitiously from custom." There are 45 essays and assessments of such writers as Kipling, Rupert Brooke, Dostoevski, and Jane Austen. Even when the subject doesn't interest me, the writing is so fine that it holds my attention. For example, I care nothing about Coventry Patmore's criticism, but here's the first paragraph of the essay about him:

Books of collected essays are always the hardest to read, because, collected though they may be, it is often only the binding that joins them together. And when the author was a man whose main work in life was to write poetry, it is more than likely that his essays will be mere interjections and exclamations uttered spasmodically in the intervals of his proper pursuits. The list of contents makes us suspect the sort of thing we are to find. One day Coventry Patmore will write upon Mr Gladstone; another upon December in Garden and Field; again upon Coleridge; next upon dreams; and finally it will strike him to set down his views upon Liverpool Cathedral and Japanese houses. But our foreboding that we shall be jerked from topic to topic and set down in the end with a litter of broken pieces is in this case quite unfounded. ◉



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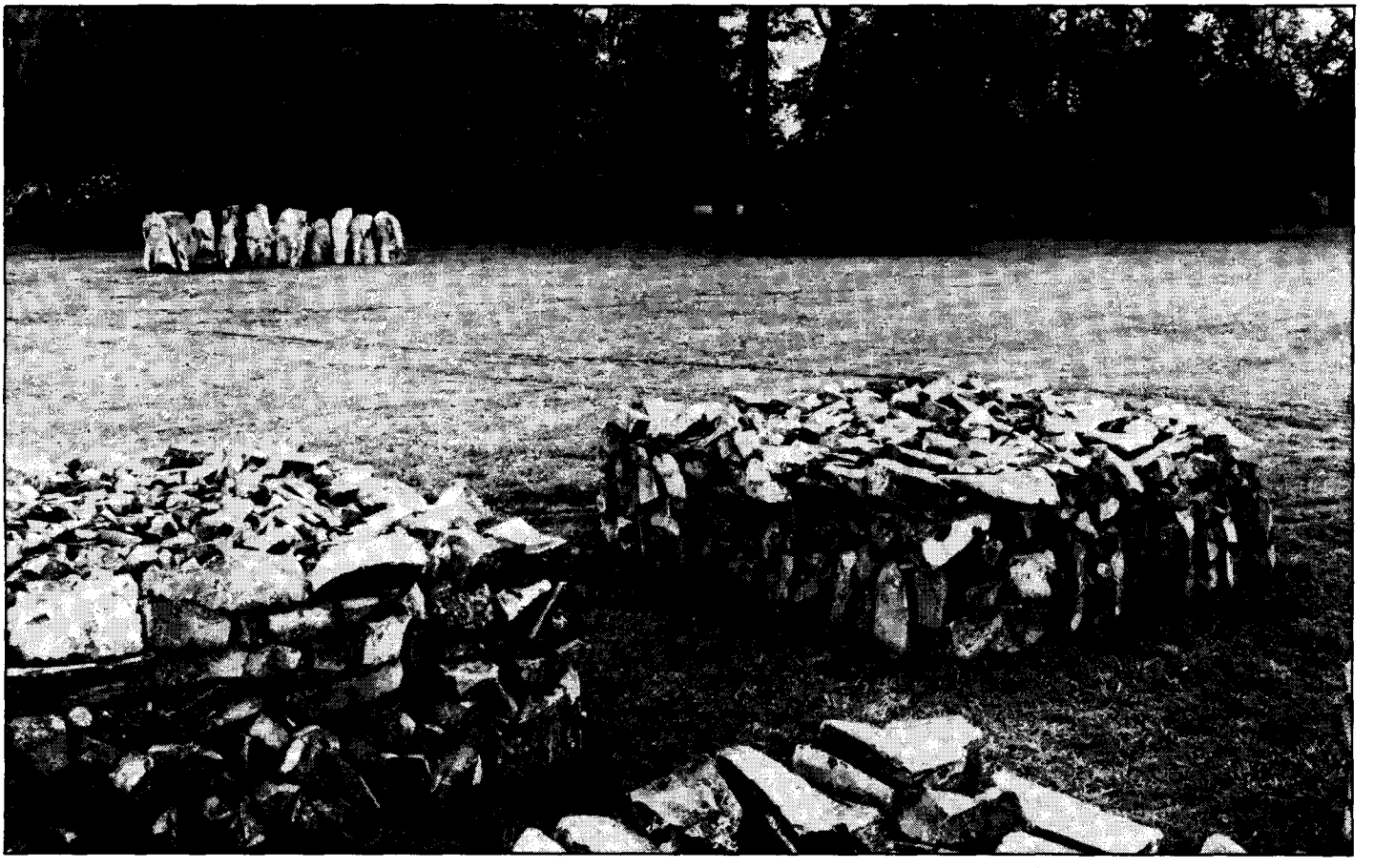
You Call That Art?



Untitled work by Robert Morris—"The overwhelming element is space—informal, undefined, evocative of a primitive and mystical time."

by Warren Sylvester Smith

A PLAQUE on the gallery wall says that the artist, Jochen Gerz, spent 16 days on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, in a compartment whose blinds were drawn, as he traveled from Moscow to Vladivostok and back. Each day (so the plaque explains), he placed a different slate under his feet. These slates are arranged in a hollow square on the gallery floor, four on a side, with a symbolic chair in back of each. Gerz's notebooks and all further evidence of the trip have been burned and the ashes smeared on the slates; the exhibit is now the only tangible reference to his journey.

Warren Sylvester Smith is Professor Emeritus, General Education in the Arts, at Pennsylvania State University.

It is clear from the plaque that Gerz intends the viewer to be uncertain about whether the trip ever really took place.

In the middle of the plaza outside the gallery, a team of well drillers is at work, partially sinking a one-kilometer metal shaft into the earth. Walter de Maria, the American "earth artist," has planned to leave a handsome portion of the shaft exposed above the surface, with a plaque that will assure the viewer that the underground segment of his "Vertical Earth Kilometer" really exists. But those who have not seen the drilling equipment at work may be as skeptical about the unseen part of the 1,000-meter shaft as they are about the reality of the Trans-Siberian journey.

Gerz and De Maria have created two of the more doctrinaire examples of what has come to be called Conceptual Art. Both works were exhibited last summer as part of Documenta 6, the international contemporary art show held in Kassel, West Germany, but they could have been included in almost any contemporary art show in the Western world. Reactions to such works usually range from a few shrieks of delight to a great deal of puzzled but tolerant interest to a skepticism—sometimes even to resentment—that is most often accompanied by the question, "Do you call that art?"

Despite such reactions, the Conceptual Art movement is by no means a new one. The Conceptualists had their own exhibit at the New York Cultural Center, in 1970, and they were also much in evidence at Documenta 5, in 1972, the same year Ursula Meyer wrote a book describing the works of 40 Conceptualists (*Conceptual Art*, E. P. Dutton & Co.). By now, the movement is well enough established to warrant serious consideration. Just what is

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Conceptual Art trying to do? Does it in fact induce certain mysterious resonances in our inner life by touching a chord that does not respond to conventional artworks?

First of all, it is clear that the trend represents a departure from aesthetic traditions—not only from the Renaissance tradition but from twentieth-century tradition as well. For Cubists, Surrealists, Abstract Expressionists—even Minimalists—the art experience centers in an art object that displays a craftsman's skill. The object has some substance and some permanence—though admittedly these characteristics have been fading in recent years. It can be owned—put in a home, a lobby, a museum, a sculpture garden. It may not exactly fulfill Tolstoi's requirement that a work of art express an experience its creator has lived through, but it usually has the power to communicate *something*—if not joy or remorse, then at least some kind of geometric satisfaction.

For the Conceptualist, on the other hand, the actual art object either completely vanishes (as with Gerz's train trip) or becomes a kind of invisible concept (as with the underground portion of De Maria's shaft). The respondent has merely an idea of what has happened or of what exists. (Perhaps I am wrong to say "merely," since Conceptualists believe that the idea is more significant, more powerful, than the object. They are not simply reviving the Twenties art of Duchamp and the Dadaists. "What is being attacked," says Robert Morris, a Conceptualist, "is something more than art as an icon.... What is revealed is that art itself is an activity of change, of disorientation and shift, of violent discontinuity and mutability, of the willingness for confusion even, in the service of discovering new perceptual modes.")

In any radical movement, the doctrinaire practitioners are not always the most interesting or the most significant. Because the uncompromising Conceptualist is committed to the total disappearance of the art object, he must inevitably arrive at a dead end; the abolition of the art object becomes an unsatisfying aesthetic, as evidenced by Gerz's need to display chairs and slates and by De Maria's need to leave some of his metal shaft exposed above ground. But the Conceptualist philosophy has spread beyond the extremists and into the larger world of art and is attracting many artists who in a somewhat more conventional way are searching for a different interpretation of the word *art* and for a different way of relating art to life.

F. Rosenstiel

Nam June Paik's video jungle—"Combining the ephemeral with the technological."

The nature of this emerging aesthetic is not yet wholly clear, but one element that is established is its emphasis on flux. Change seems so rapid and civilization so insecure to these artists that they can relate to the real world in only the most tenuous and temporary fashion. Conceptual art, more than any other, evokes this feeling of transience. For example, "Musical Space," by the Greek sculptor Takis, is a darkened room filled with strange, disordered sounds. Takis has spotlighted their sources: a magnetically operated hammer that intermittently strikes a huge curved steel plate; foot-long steel needles that dangle from long threads and bounce against cello strings. What is singularly Conceptualist about this exhibit is the evanescence of its effect. The experience of being in the room is indescribable, fascinating, even strangely comforting; but it is ephemeral. Even if one lingers at the exhibit, its effect is fleeting at best.

In order to produce such works, Conceptualists are turning more and more to technology. It is difficult to say whether MIT's "Centerbeam," for instance, belongs in an art exhibit or in a science fair. But its designers—Otto Piene, Lowry Burgess, and their colleagues at the Center for Advanced Visual Studies—did submit the 200-foot beam to Documenta 6, where crowds enjoyed its holograms, its colored steam, and the laser designs it projected

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against distant trees. "Centerbeam" is one of a number of artworks that are blurring, perhaps even completely erasing, the line between technology and art. In keeping with the Conceptualist theory that the realm of art is all-embracing, technology is fast allying mythical and emotional elements with its intellectual and practical ones.

The combination of the ephemeral with the technological was bound to result in works using the television image. The moving image on videotape can be slowed down, speeded up, frozen, or reversed. It can be blurred or shattered. In black and white, it can be shifted from positive to negative; in color, it can be altered by chroma-key or other studio devices. This versatility is well represented by several recent artworks. Shigako Kubota used video magic in his spoof of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." In each riser of a four-step staircase, Kubota placed a television screen, each of which sequentially showed an electronically altered nude coming down the stairs. Nam June Paik, the Korean artist whose work was recently shown at the Museum of Modern Art, in New York City, also used the TV image. In a large room filled with shrubbery, ferns, and small trees, Paik scattered 30 television sets, all tuned to the same program. In an original arrangement by Bill Viola, a small camera is focused on a drop of water forming at the end of a tiny pipe. When the drop falls, it strikes a drumhead that has been placed over a microphone. Projected on a television screen only a few feet away, the image of the drop appears as a slowly expanding shape that vanishes with a thunderous explosion. Such TV artworks are the vanguard of a genre that will increasingly use videotape to transmit fleeting sights and sounds as impermanent art forms.

It is characteristic of most Conceptualist works that they require three-dimensional space. Conceptualists do not limit themselves to the visual or the tangible. Frequently, they dominate a complete environment by controlling light, sound, and sometimes odor in a portion of a room, an entire room, a loft, or a stairwell. Sometimes their art requires considerable outdoor space, as does an untitled work by Robert Morris. In a lovely wooded parkland named Karls-Aue, in Kassel, Morris has carefully arranged rocks to create a total environment in a couple of acres of clearing. A formation of huge boulders standing on end suggests a small-scale Stonehenge. Piles of smaller stones resemble cairns. There are stone platforms and truncated walks. The overwhelming element of the work, however, is space—informal, undefined, evocative of a primitive and mystical time.

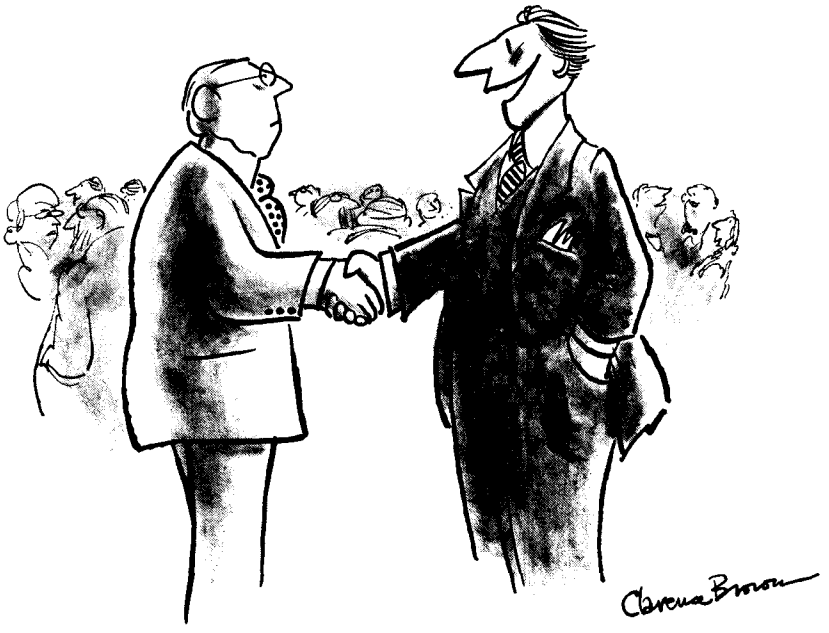
It may seem paradoxical to cite such a permanent environment as a Conceptual artwork. Morris's park is a very real arrangement in which the artist has skillfully used tangible materials. Still, he has presented us with no *identifiable* art object. Though Morris provides considerably more visual help than Gerz has given to his Trans-Siberian journey, it is the whole atmosphere of the park that affects us—the concept and not the stones.

Admittedly, Conceptualism is fraught with contradictions. One can argue that no work of art can exist solely in the mind; yet one can also contend that art never really exists anywhere else. Conceptualists have a cavalier attitude toward craftsmanship; yet many of their works represent virtuoso performances of high technical skill—although it is not the kind of skill developed in art classes. Conceptualists revolt against conventional art markets; yet a few of them have turned handsome profits. Finally, their art form is a radical break with tradition; yet their primary purpose is the thoroughly traditional one of raising the human consciousness to a higher level.

In one sense, Conceptualists may be considered reactionaries rather than radicals. Traditional artworks can be reproduced, and reproductions have come to be regarded as viable substitutes for the originals. In the classroom, in fact, color prints and sound recordings must of necessity substitute for the originals. But Conceptual artworks cannot be reproduced. They exist only in the place where the artist has created them. They have brought us back to the days when those who wished to view a work, or to experience it, had to seek out the original.

Well, *do* you call this art? Not if you insist on the usual definition of art. Although the Conceptualists cannot divorce themselves from the past any more than other artists can, they do not venerate traditional art. Consequently, they have no illusion about their own work being venerated in the future. They are content not only with personal mortality but with the fleeting vitality of the moment. They have little regard for the traditional skills of the painter, sculptor, printmaker, or musician; yet they demand the right to use any materials and any techniques these traditionalists have developed. They also demand the right to explain their work and to deal with any concept, no matter how exalted or mundane. But grandiose as their pretensions may seem, they leave the artist with almost nothing to display and the respondent with almost nothing to grasp.

Though the doctrinaire Conceptualists are easy targets for ridicule, they have released new springs of creative energy that are spreading throughout the art world. However we choose to regard their work, one response is insistent: Those implausible slates of Gerz, that symbolic thrust into the earth of De Maria, have tripped open secret doors into the imagination, giving us a glimpse—at least for a moment—into yet unknown, yet unexplored, avenues of the human consciousness. ◉



"Of course I remember you! We met on the Planning Commission. I never forget an interface."

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The Movies

A Phantasmagoric J. Edgar Hoover

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover is, first of all, a phenomenon. Who would have supposed that within half-a-dozen years of the great patriot's death a movie would portray him as a neurotic tyrant who freely violated the law, blackmailed presidents, drove an ex-agent to suicide, and had an arguably homosexual relationship with his closest FBI friend? Nor is this a fly-by-night radical or scandal-mongering movie, but one with a well-known cast and theater distribution by that least ideological of organizations, American International Pictures (AIP).

So one must credit Larry Cohen, the writer, director, and producer, with audacity of conception—as one must credit AIP with a gamble on the change in the national mood. As for the film itself, it is low-budget, episodic, and unprofessional, wavering unpredictably between documentary and comic book. The phenomenon is more fascinating than the film.

What gives *Hoover* a certain redeeming dignity is the reasonably complex and not altogether unsympathetic portrait of the director himself, rendered in strong and subtle performances by an actor named James Wainwright as the young Hoover and by Broderick Crawford as the aging veteran. Both are excellent, Wainwright in conveying the inner tensions of a youth on his way up, Crawford in radiating the complacent but uneasy power of a man at the top. Among other things, they both *walk* so well—and so much like the director. Dan Dailey provides sensitive, weatherbeaten support as Hoover's sidekick, Clyde Tolson.

A quarter of a century ago in *All the King's Men*, Broderick Crawford gave another carefully wrought performance—that time as a politician obviously based on Huey Long. The figure was not, however, called Huey Long. He was called Willie Stark, as he had been in Robert Penn Warren's novel. That device liberated both novel and film from any exact obligations to the character and career of Long. *Hoover*, however, purports to be about real figures involved in real events. This raises problems. Of course, the dramatist cannot be held to the same standards as the historian. He must have freedom to foreshorten, heighten, transpose, and even invent scenes to meet artistic needs. But the retouching of art must not violate the essential spirit of history.

Is speculation about Hoover's sexual life within the limits of permissible dramatic license? A scene showing Hoover exciting himself by listening to tapes of someone else's sexual performance is surely too much. But more serious, I believe, is the distortion of the historical record. The wiretapping issue, for example, receives the most slipshod treatment. The film exhibits a demented Roosevelt giving a reluctant Hoover, in the words of the script, "authority to tap wires, search homes, and burglarize bedrooms of American citizens." In fact, Roosevelt disliked wiretapping and, when he gave the bureau permission to tap suspected Nazi agents, specifically directed the attorney general "to limit these investigations ... to a minimum and to limit them insofar as possible to aliens." Hoover's postwar interpretations of Roosevelt's order stretched it inexcusably, but this was Hoover's work, not Roosevelt's.

Nor does the film even recognize the vital distinction between wiretapping—the physical tapping into wires to record telephone calls—and electronic bugging—the planting of concealed microphones near a person under surveillance. In the Hoover years, taps required authorization; bugging did not. Robert F. Kennedy, for instance, never authorized the bureau to wiretap the mob or Bobby Baker, as the film suggests. The bureau bugged the mob and Baker (or at least one of his associates), but this it did on its own, not on the instructions of the attorney general.

There are other distortions without compensating artistic gain. The film shows Hoover trying to blackmail Robert Kennedy by bringing up the CIA's engagement of the gangster Giancana in a Castro assassination plot. In fact, it was Kennedy who informed Hoover about the plot. "The attorney general told me," as Hoover wrote in a memorandum in May 1962, "he wanted to advise me of a situation in the Giancana case which had considerably disturbed him." The confrontation between Martin Luther King, Jr., and Hoover, as staged in the film, is entirely fictitious. Far from a bitter clash between the two men by themselves, it was a session described by Andrew Young, who was present, as "a mutual admiration society" and by Cartha DeLoach of the FBI, who was also present, as "more or less of a love feast."

The actors do well enough, as noted, by Hoover and by Tolson. The first scene between John and Robert Kennedy, however, has the air of nightclub impersonations and actually roused titters in the screening room. Thereafter, Michael Parks catches a little of Robert Kennedy's diffidence, irreverence, and conviction. Much of the cast appears to have been chosen in a game of blindman's bluff. Lloyd Nolan, a good actor, is wholly wrong as Harlan Stone. George Plimpton, a fine writer, does not in the slightest resemble Quentin Reynolds. And Howard Da Silva as FDR gives what may well be the silliest performance in the history of movies. It is an act from a Union League Club smoker, circa 1936.

Fortunately, *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover* does not have sufficient weight to plant indelible historical misconceptions in the minds of its audience. Its inaccuracy and bias are deplorable—no more so, however, than the pro-Hoover films to which the Republic has been subjected for so many long and wearisome years. ◉

Wit Twister No. 112
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. *Answers on page 52.*

When he fares forth with great
chivalric glee,
A knight's hard — — — — —
— is verily a boon;
But if he — — — — — —
himself incautiously,
This erstwhile — — — — — —
makes him swear or swoon.

Contributed by Ura Brown, Waterloo, Ill.

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Photography

Flights into Microspace

by Owen Edwards

THERE IS a particular kind of person I think of as a creature of the Sixties. Such a character has training in some exacting field—be it astronomy, microbiology, cybernetics—and a certain mystical turn of mind that mutates and is mutated by his precise methodology. These specialists would trip on one day with the best of the glib pot heads and LSD wanderers, then wake up the next day, go to their jobs at IBM or Bell Labs or ITT or Caltech, and work with machines more phenomenal than any in man's history, seeking to verify mysteries that their stretched and outreaching senses had begun to intuit. Steeped in Blake, Castaneda, Jung, Watts, the Revelation, *Zen in the Art of Archery*, Tolkien, Laing, as well as in the arcane texts of their particular specialties, these were (and remain) the new alchemists, extracting visions from the dross of facts.

David Scharf is, I suspect, one of these alchemists. An amiable, bearded man in his thirties, he has the skill to use the scanning electron microscope (SEM) to travel beyond the reach of senses into the infinite frontiers of the physical world. Scharf is tripping, in the contemporary sense of the word, and as his book *Magnifications* (Schocken, $24.95) shows, he has the modern tourist's habit of bringing back a photographic catalog of sights along the way.

The scanning electron microscope is a technological miracle that has revolutionized the investigation of matter. Using a beam of electrons (displayed on a high-resolution television screen) as a light source, the SEM is capable of enlarging a given surface six million times its actual size and has been used, Scharf says, to obtain actual images of individual atoms. With this wonderful and complicated gadget, Scharf conducts implausible journeys through invisible cracks in our ordinary awareness. There are echoes of the adventures of Stanley and St. Exupéry (in *Wind, Sand and Stars*) and the *Apollo* moon journeys in these "flights" downward into microspace, as illustrated by this description in Scharf's introduction to *Magnifications*:

By now I am doing some real traveling—through jungles, over hills, into valleys... intuitively, my fingers drive the controls, the mechanical movement with one hand and all the rest of the controls with the other—zoom, focus, attitude, brightness, contrast, etc.—about a hundred in

Brown ant —"Like a classic still life photographer, Sharf gives his portraits the meditative beauty of a Victorian sitting."

Photos: Copyright © 1977 by David Scharf

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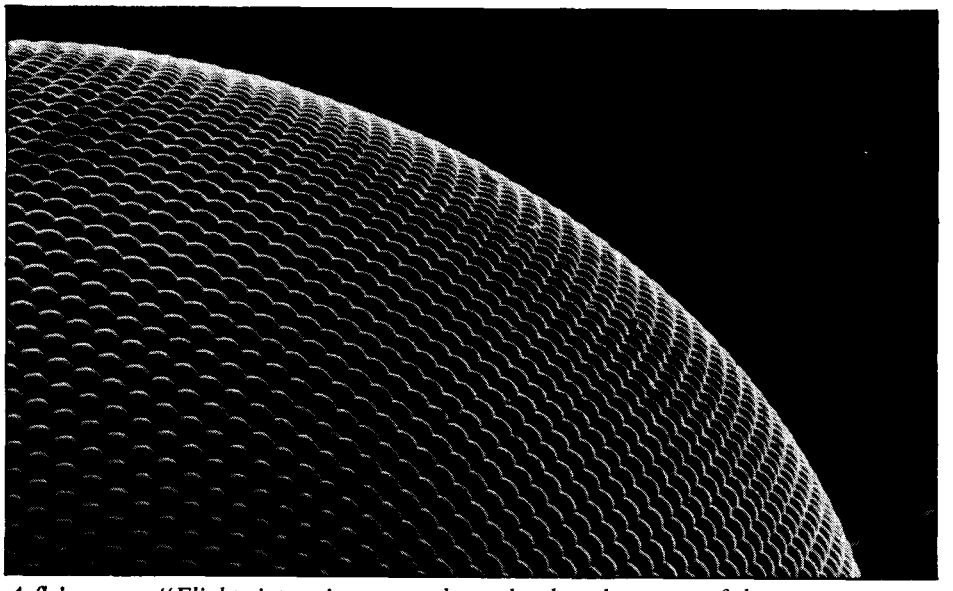
all. I glide over the "landscape," getting closer and closer to study the grooves and texture of the hairs themselves. ... In another trip, I gazed in awe at the topography of a female marijuana flower, ripe with resin nodules (the sacs that contain the pure essence of hashish) looking like tiny "beings," each one having a different personality in my imagination.

Magnifications is composed of dispatches sent back from such wild and unexplored local frontiers as fruit fly backs and dandelion petals, cocaine crystals and aphids' antennae, pistils of gladiolus and eyes of bees. They are wonderful to behold if only for the reason that they are sights, like the dark side of the moon, never before seen. Encountered in such intimacy, they are more fabulous and complex than we could ever have imagined. But despite alluring technology and vertiginous swoops into revelation, Scharf's travels in microspace would be only scientific curiosities were the photographs he takes not so good *as* photographs.

In picture after picture and on page after page of the exquisitely produced book, Scharf accomplishes the hardest thing in scientific photography: keeping the astonishing information conveyed by his pictures secondary to their sheer beauty. When you are vis-a-vis a wasp at 190X, it can be hard to resist the sheer gee-whiz satisfaction of just being there and easy to let any picture do. But Scharf demands more of himself than that, and his pictures are almost consistently wonderful, as well as fascinating, to look at. Like a classic still life photographer, Scharf composes his portraits of insects and the intimate parts of flowers with abiding concern for how the subject relates to the space it occupies; the results have the meditative beauty of Victorian sittings. And just as the Victorian portraitists knew how to get the last theatrical drop out of their painterly north light, Scharf clearly revels in the power of the eerily sensational electronic light, which literally translates matter into pure energy. (Castaneda's Yaqui brujo, Don Juan, talks of seeing men as fibers of light, and the feeling of these pictures is similarly mystical.)

On rare occasions, Scharf loses sight of his essentially photographic purpose and produces expectable images. The moonscape of an aspirin tablet with the letters B-A-Y-E-R looking like massive geologic features merely shows off the technology, and given the dark drama of his positive images, there doesn't seem to have been any need for the book's last few bright negative images. (In general, the pictures of inanimate subjects, such as table salt and fiber glass, don't have the same hallucinatory fascination as those of plants and animals, though Scharf dutifully points out that these things have a "life" of their own.)

The power of this work is in its capacity to plunge us into a world of which we know so little that we presume to dominate it. Scharf has the inclination and the ability to show us, with bravado style, awesome, terrifying complexities in the life we swat, poison, step on, gas, and otherwise expunge every day. Not that we should feel distraught about our massive destruction of these infinitely varied, remarkably adapted beings—they are, after all, doing considerably better than we are on this earth, and David Scharf's magnificent magnifications fill the eye and the mind with some of the reasons why. ◉



A fly's eye —"Flights into microspace that echo the adventures of the Apollo *moon journeys."*

Spider mite —"Awesome complexities in the life we swat and step on every day."

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Theater

Playmaking Is Not Enough

by Martin Gottfried

FOR SOME YEARS NOW, American culture has been in a sort of holding pattern. Modern art has been found wanting, unsatisfying. Although there is no returning to the past, there seems a need to get back to the basics of comprehensibility and human warmth, to recognizable art, tonal music, and drama with stories and sympathetic characters. We will never again return to naturalistic plays, but Beckett and Pinter have not proved universally appealing, and that has to be faced. The talented generation of American playwrights spawned by them just isn't reaching the people, and there can be no major theater without the major audience.

Two plays being presented by Joseph Papp at his Public Theater demonstrate serious playmakers' struggling with this need to draw modern theater from traditional roots. One is called *A Photograph—A Study of Cruelty*, and the other is *The Dybbuk*. You'll notice I said "playmakers" rather than "playwrights." I said it because of *The Dybbuk*, the fifty-seven-year-old work by the Yiddish-Russian playwright S. Ansky. This is not merely a production of the work but a remaking of it, as devised by Joseph Chaikin.

A survivor of the Sixties movement of group-grope staging (he ran the Open Theater), Chaikin has given Ansky's classic some elements of production theater while making concessions to character and plot. Only in its basic outline is this the *Dybbuk* that was originally directed by Stanislavsky in 1920 Warsaw. Chaikin spends the first half of his production establishing the ritualistic mood of daily life in an Orthodox Jewish *shtetl*. His motif is drawn from the sounds and rhythms of the Yiddish language itself. Using a spare but striking wood set, he creates cottages and synagogues; he puts conversations and prayers into counterpoint incantation. This much is virtually musical theater, and it is altogether striking and enveloping.

It is only in the second half of the 90-minute production that Chaikin deals with Ansky's drama. The rushed and compressed details of plot become confusing, but this much we can follow: A girl who is about to be married is stricken at the altar. She is possessed by the ghost of the young man who was matched to her many years earlier. Her father had ignored this contracted marriage to seek a wealthier husband. Now she must be freed of the ghost, or "dybbuk," but she will not be, and so the couple is finally joined in death.

In adapting a translation by Mira Rafalowicz, Chaikin has concentrated on the plot's mythic elements, cabalistic things that are mentioned in the play but that dominate the folktale from which it is drawn. The cabala is a medieval, mystical interpretation of the Jewish scriptures (the *Torah*), looked upon by rabbis as evil, pagan, and sacrilegious. In Chaikin's production, neither Chanon (the ghost) nor Leah (the bride) could resist reading the cabala, which is the reason for their demonic possession. So the production concentrates on the spooky elements in Jewish lore, and in the first half it is rich because of them. But the second half becomes *The Exorcist* in Hasidic clothing and does not achieve its intended unity of language and ritual until the ghost's final lines to Leah: "Come to me. I come to you."

Despite its letdown, Chaikin's production has beautiful things about it and often reaches the level of drama-painting. The performances are rich and burnished, especially Bruce Myers's and Marcia Jean Kurtz's, as the spook and the spooked.

As *The Dybbuk* is a director's attempt to fuse conventional drama with production theater, so *A Photograph* is a writer's attempt to mate poetry with drama. Its author is Ntosake Shange, who wrote *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow Is Enuf*, the Broadway success. Shange's second work was anticipated with some interest not only because the first was so original and beautiful but because it was choreographed poetry. Where could she go from there? Would she write a "play"? Could she?

A Photograph is a play and a series of poems, but unfortunately, it is never both. It is about a photographer-artist and takes place in his bedroom-studio, a beautiful, airy setting whose back wall is a double scrim that allows photographs to be screened on two planes. The photographer is frustrated by rejections from galleries. He is having affairs with three women in the play: a soulful dancer, a hedonist, and a society woman. It is the dancer he loves, but he is cruel to her—as he is to everyone. Only at the play's end can he say he loves her, finding in such openness the key to life.

The stuff of soap opera? Exactly. Shange is a wonderful poet, but she is not yet a playwright and does not create playable characters. Stretches of *A Photograph* are outright recitations, beautiful soliloquies, but you listen to them as if at a recital, not as dialogue. The symbolism of the photography is never clarified. The women in the play are variations on womankind, not much different from the characters in *For Colored Girls*. Although Oz Scott has tried—with striking success at times—to stage the play as a choreographic drama, it does not cohere as drama. The poetry is achingly lovely, but the story is pure corn. As for the racial element (all the characters are black), it is trite. Even the most righteous anger and sense of injustice grow wearisome when reduced to a litany of self-pity and racial chauvinism.

Shange is an inspired and original poet with a flair for the theatrical, but she is still a stage amateur. Chaikin is a formidable man of the theater who is not yet willing to allow a playwright equal time. Each is giving ground edgily: Shange, from poetry and Chaikin, from production imagery. One must respect and admire their artistic integrity. They are approaching, tentatively and from two extremes, a theater of language *and* production that will always be most valid, and both playwright and director are doing it with human warmth. In that, there is promise for tomorrow. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 101

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 53.*

D Y Y Q A Y K I X S
K O M O J W D Y W B O G
S R S K H I X O G Z E G M
H Y W P O D D A O G M O I .
— K S G E K M

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Music to My Ears

Do Prize Competitions Mean Anything?

by Irving Kolodin

FIVE PIANISTIC prizewinners performing within a few weeks' time in a New York season could be several too many; but each performance helped to answer a pair of questions that accumulated along the way. They were, How did the winners compare with one another, and what light did the results shed on the competitions that had produced them?

The most conspicuous prizewinner was tall, handsome, square-shouldered Steven de Groote, who is of Belgian descent, though born in South Africa. Size and other physical data aside, De Groote came to Carnegie Hall possessing a distinction awarded only at four-year intervals: He is the 1977 grand-prize winner of the Fifth Van Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition.

What happened in Carnegie Hall is now on the record—De Groote's record—and it isn't etched in gold for a storybook finish. Indeed, it isn't etched at all. Rather, it is smudged by the names of the three sonatas he played, none of them really well. Let us set aside the question of pianistic competence. If De Groote is not the excellent pianist to which his Texas-won small fortune in money, publicity, and engagements attests, the jury was wrong. Let us instead consider what he did with his qualifications. The Haydn Sonata in A (Hob XVI 26) was dutifully performed, but with little stylistic flair; the Prokofiev in B flat (No. 8) smoldered for a while, then burst into a flame of personality, even of temperament, for the summarizing toccata; the Beethoven in A (Opus 101) was unfortunately on the other side of an intermission, by which time the energy that De Groote had developed for the Prokofiev had subsided.

All this unevenness was at odds with my last hearing of De Groote—which was not in Fort Worth but in Carnegie Hall, as a finalist in the Leventritt Competition of 1976. The jury, chaired by Rudolf Serkin, awarded no prize. This struck me as singularly unfair to De Groote, who had displayed uncommon pianistic power, splendid musical capacity, and notable artistic insight.

What does this add up to? Simply, as any experienced jurist will agree, that a competition rarely proves anything except how well—or how poorly—a competitor may perform at a specific time in his life. Such being the case, should not some thought be given to spreading honors evenly among several contestants, rather than weighting them heavily on the side of a grand-prize winner? The 1977 Cliburn competition made some effort to do this, and we shall see what that proves when the Soviet performer who finished second—Alexander Toradze—comes our way. But for better or for worse, the name of the 1977 grand-prize winner *is*—Steven de Groote.

The same stretch of weeks brought an appearance by Barry Snyder, a runner-up in the 1966 Cliburn competition. His tour of the concert circuit then produced no clamor for a repetition, but he has found pianistic peace with The Eastman Trio, which recently gave a recital in Alice Tully Hall that was a model of its kind. Together with violinist Zvi Zeitlin and a wonderfully talented young cellist named Robert Sylvester, Snyder showed from start (Beethoven variations, Opus 121A) to finish (Schubert B-flat trio, Opus 99) that he is one of those rare ensemble pianists who shed musical sunlight without putting their associates in the shade. Such playing, not merely masterful but self-effacing, gives Snyder and his associates (all members of the faculty of the Eastman School, in Rochester, New York) a standard of excellence that should be welcome wherever the highest standards are cherished.

By contrast, there was Christina Ortiz, whose top honors in a Cliburn competition go back to 1969. Her playing, in Carnegie Hall, of the Prokofiev Concerto No. 3 in C left the impression of a contestant bent on scoring points rather than of an artist dedicated to making music. The glitter and gloss of her performance was not only superficial but also a little self-seeking when heard in conjunction with conductor Isaac Karabtchevsky's serious-minded effort to make the most of the uneven personnel of the Symphony Orchestra of Brazil.

To his credit, Emanuel Ax, winner of the first Rubinstein competition in Israel (1974), continues to put artistic daylight between himself and others who came into prominence that year. In a striking example of confidence in himself and in his audience, Ax programmed a Chopin-Ravel sequence in Alice Tully Hall that was as refreshing as it was enjoyable and as satisfying as it was unusual.

As for Murray Perahia, who clearly qualified as the winner among the five winners (with Ax closing fast and the others bunched at a distance), it may be doubted that since his "big" triumph at Leeds, England, in 1972, he has felt himself in competition with anyone but Murray Perahia. One can, for a special reason, make an exception on behalf of his latest New York appearance—with the Philharmonic in Avery Fisher Hall, under Erich Leinsdorf's direction—as soloist in the C-major concerto (K. 467) of Mozart. It is a matter of record that the composer was his own soloist at a concert in Vienna in 1785, and Perahia, as an intelligent artist, is aware of such a celestial standard. His response was to poke an inquisitive nose into every technical nook and musical cranny and with the deft assistance of Leinsdorf to evolve an artistic dialogue that projected in public the kind of delight musicians usually reserve for their private pleasure.

To recapitulate a prior point: Considering the known uncertainty of competitions and of their outcomes, the time would appear to be at hand for the best intentioned of them to scale down the awards made to the immediately impressive player and to share them more evenly among those with the greatest potential. Further, it may be questioned whether sheer technical skill and the ability to perform feats of mental magic (such as mastering a new piece of dubious musical genealogy) deserve the emphasis placed on them at most competitions. Too often they produce a reminder of the late Mischa Elman's comment when he was asked how the young musicians of his later years compared with those of his youth. His response was, "Today the level of mediocrity is higher."

I note without further comment that Perahia and Ax are products of foreign competitions whose awards were not nearly as lavish as those offered in Texas. I would, finally, suggest that one engagement with orchestra for each of half-a-dozen contestants would spread more good in the musical community than six engagements (more or less) provided for one supercontestant, currently named De Groote. ◉

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Television

How to Fracture an Art Film

by Karl E. Meyer

I HAVE LONG HAD heretical doubts about the true worth of programs that celebrate great art or great artists. When a painting is filmed, the camera glides over its surface, plucking out details that are supposed to beguile us. All those concerned with production are so fearful that viewers will become bored that they rarely give us a chance to concentrate on the image before us—it is abruptly whisked away, to the strains of Handel, and a fresh masterpiece is thrust upon us. The zoom lens is one curse of the art film. Baroque music, assuredly, is another.

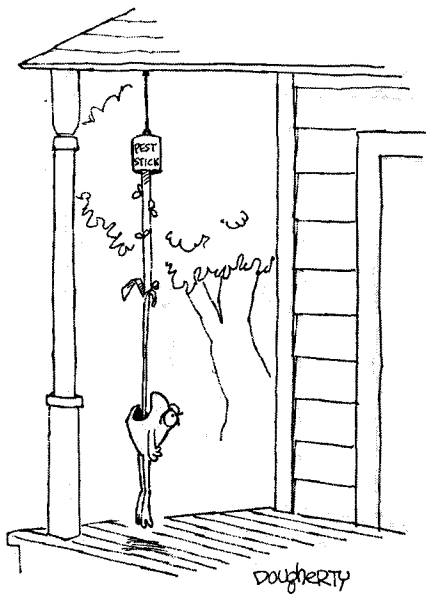
There is much whisking, and plenty of Handel, in *Royal Heritage*, a nine-part British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) series devoted to the British Royal Collection, the most magnificent private art collection in the world. Because the series has palpable strengths, including a fine script and dazzling visual appeal, I would like to dwell thoughtfully on its less obvious weaknesses. (*Royal Heritage* had its premiere on January 28 and will continue through March 25; it is being shown at 8 P.M. on successive Saturdays on most PBS stations.)

Originally broadcast during Queen Elizabeth's silver jubilee, in 1977, *Royal Heritage* is suitably sumptuous, a royal feast for the eyes. The narrator and host is Sir Huw Wheldon, former director of BBC television, who strives for a casual tone as he shows us Leonardos, Rembrandts, and a multitude of palaces, with the queen and Prince Charles on occasion serving as docents. (The prince again proves a fine television performer, but the queen's English is devoid of animation and her tone is as flat as a print-out.)

I have no quarrel with the regal tenor of the programs, and I am grateful that the BBC is enabling us to glimpse otherwise hidden treasures. My reservations, after having seen two installments, concern the essential technique used in all such shows. *Royal Heritage* presents a confused kaleidoscope of arms, legs, noses, and crowns, as the restless camera amputates the objects set before it. Before we even have a chance to peruse an illuminated manuscript, we are zoomed into the scrollwork.

Always we are in a rush. The pace is so rapid that we are frequently not sure what we are seeing, where it is, or why it is important. In the program on the first three Georges (to be shown on February 25), we are shown an incredible carved royal barge, built, I believe, for a Prince Frederick. The vessel is as surreal as a Dali, a charming fantasy of cherubs and gargoyles. I was curious about where this apparition could be seen and how it must have looked when afloat. But the queue had moved on, to the sounds of *Water Music*.

I felt the same frustration when I saw Kenneth Clark's formidably influential *Civilisation* nearly a decade ago. (As it happens, the producer of *Royal Heritage* is Michael Gill, who also produced Lord Clark's series.) However entrancing such art films may be, I wonder whether the result may be to induce a sense of letdown when we eventually see the originals of the objects being filmed. Colors are heightened on television, and the hurried images are flashily selected for instant impact. It is not art that we are seeing but a disfigured facsimile thereof. Worst of all, the impression is conveyed that a great masterpiece can yield its secrets with little effort on our part. The art film is the spoonful of sugar that makes the medicine go down.



Nevertheless, *Royal Heritage* is eminently worth viewing, in part because of its elegant script, written by Wheldon in collaboration with the historian J. H. Plumb. With deft phrases, successive kings and queens are translated into people, and curiously enough, bad old George III comes close to stealing the show. The king, we finally learn, was neither a tyrant nor a madman, but one of the most intellectually impressive of British monarchs.

Coincidentally, a wholly different approach to the art film can be seen in *The Originals: Women in Art*, another PBS series. The focus here is on the artist rather than on art, and the effect is compelling and unpretentious. (The seven-part series began on January 30 and will conclude on March 13. The air time for the half-hour shows is 8:30 P.M. on Thursdays on most public stations.)

Among the artists presented are Louise Nevelson, Helen Frankenthaler, Alice Neel, and Georgia O'Keeffe. If one can judge from the Nevelson program (broadcast on February 6), the artist's persona is as interesting a creation as anything one finds in a gallery or museum. Nevelson is indeed an original: gritty, direct, and stubbornly self-assured. Not until she was sixty did she sell one of her sculptures to anyone besides a fellow artist, and she waited a decade longer before her status as a major artist was acknowledged.

We see her at work, instructing welders as odd bits and pieces magically acquire a striking form. In an appealing finale, we attend the dedication in San Francisco of one of her constructions. The ceremony winds up with a whoosh of balloons, symbolically fitting for an artist who turns simple things into memorable emblems.

Produced by Susan Fanshel and Jill Godmilow for WNET, in New York, the Nevelson show succeeds through understatement and indirection, and it has the great merit of being only 30 minutes long. A problem with too many art films is their sheer length. I confess that 60 minutes with Georgia O'Keeffe was wearying to eye and ear when I saw the show last October (this program is being repeated on March 13, as the finale of *The Originals*). Speaking for myself, I would prefer shorter art films that show fewer objects and employ less gimmickry. And, please, can we be spared the baroque music? The sounds of silence do not require musical cues. ◉

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Education Now

Since few schools teach Latin and Greek, can I assume that educators now pretty much agree that the classical languages don't belong in modern curricula?

Myron V. Harrison
Merion, Pa.

IT IS INDEED an unusual secondary school, public or private, that now makes Latin, let alone Greek, a requirement for graduation. Many schools do not even include them in the curriculum. The days have long since gone when a smattering of Latin and the ability to quote Aristotle meant entrée into the best society or enhanced the chances of literary, professional, political, or even theological success. Our best universities no longer consider a knowledge of the classics to be part of the expected baggage of an educated man or woman.

Educators have been busy over the past 25 years designing curricula intended to instruct our young people in the skills necessary to become producers, consumers, and voters in our modern technological society. Even teachers who argued for the discipline involved in mastering Latin or Greek had to admit that there was a strong case for spending schooltime in learning living French or German or Russian instead, or the emerging language of the computer.

It is not obvious, however, that the alternative educational designs have succeeded. Many of our students are deficient in the elementary skills required to function in any modern society: a proficiency in their own spoken and written tongue and in the ancient language of mathematics. If we are to equip students to function well as citizens and as civilized individuals, something more, or something different, is needed. Only by giving them an understanding of our civilization, its roots, and their place in it can we help our students to achieve an understanding of the ways in which our or any civilized society works and an ability to direct it rather than be manipulated by it. In this endeavor I think we shall find that "dead" Greek and Latin are very much alive and well.

Like many French and British children raised before World War II, I began studying Latin at the age of nine and Greek at eleven. I find that young teachers often do not understand that Latin and Greek were to us much more than languages—even though it is true that familiarity with the rigor of Latin and with the suppleness of Greek is an incomparable step toward mastery of expression in any language. Latin and Greek were also history taught in the most vivid way, from the Minoan to the Mycenaean era, from twice-built Troy to the rise and subversion of Athens, from the birth of the Roman Republic to the final decay and partition of the Roman Empire.

And what history! The drama of the Trojan War, the glory of the Greek resistance to the eastern barbarians, the desolation of the Peloponnesian War, the anxieties of the Punic invasion! The battle of Cannae is still as vivid to me as any battle I participated in during World War II. And I remember the shock of reading at age ten of the death of the great Caesar, then conqueror and civilizer of Gaul and Britain, struck on the very steps of the Senate, as being as intense as that which we all felt at the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

Our classics teachers achieved much more than teaching us political history. They taught us the development of ideas, from Pythagoras to Plato, from Cicero to Seneca and Marcus Aurelius; the history of technology, from the lighthouse of Alexandria to the sewers, baths, aqueducts, and amphitheaters of Rome; the history of science, from Euclid to Aristotle, Lucretius, and Galen. And while they did not teach us "social science," they did describe societies and customs, and they showed us by comparing Herodotus and Thucydides how the methodology of the establishment of facts, social and historical, had developed.

But even this enlarged picture is incomplete. More important than the teaching of facts and epistemology is that the study of the classics formed our character, our taste, and our view of ourselves as citizens of a democracy.

We learned that a man is as good as his word from the story of Regulus's returning to Carthage to face torture and certain death because he had promised he would. We learned about honor and patriotism from the stories of the Spartans at Thermopylae, from those of Horatius at the bridge, Curtius plunging into the chasm, and the boy thrusting his hand into fire so as not to reveal Roman secrets. We learned about resourcefulness and tenacity from Xenophon's *Anabasis*. We learned about fairness from Aristides's casting a self-destructive vote for his illiterate neighbor.

We learned that even in a nation formed, as Livy said, by 800 years of war, a nation with a society as fundamentally savage as that of Rome, and one whose popular entertainment was watching the massacre of gladiators and wild beasts in the Colosseum, discipline could be based on the idea of justice embodied in a code of laws rather than on feudal obedience to one leader. We learned the glory of being able to say, "*Civis Romanus sum*" ("I am a Roman citizen"). We learned that the greatest injustice can be meted out by applying the law without attempting to gauge the consequences of the judgment. We learned from Roman law the concept that a man is presumed innocent until proven guilty.

We learned of mercy from the Oresteia and of compassion from the Greek philosopher appealing to his fellow citizens, "Athenians, before you admit the gladiators, come with me and destroy the altar to pity."

The classics formed our taste. As adolescents, we dreamed of the different beauty of Venus, Juno, and Minerva, of the face of Helen, of sails on the Aegean, and of temples upon the distant hills. We looked at the statue of the Greek girl bending over the basin to wash her hands and learned the beauty of everyday scenes. We memorized Homer, Euripides, Vergil, and especially Horace. But above all, we learned, as Locke, Montesquieu, and the drafters of the American and French constitutions had learned, how a democracy is born, how it survives, how it dies: Besides learning about reason and beauty, we learned about freedom. We learned about it with infinitely more subtlety than is used in the teaching of our children now.

I want to keep an open mind. It may well be that educationists and drafters of curricula will someday evolve a teaching scheme more comprehensive, more inspiring, more sophisticated than a classical education was for us. But it has not happened yet. Until it does, I do not believe we could do better than to return the classics to the place of honor they once occupied in secondary education. —DR. JEAN MAYER

Dr. Jean Mayer is the president of Tufts University.

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Sporting Life

The Case of the Perilous Trail

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

LET'S SAY an innocent fellow goes to a ball game. He sits in the sun, guzzling a few beers and yelling at the umpire. Everything's beautiful. Then in the third inning, Reggie Jackson steps to the plate and whacks a wicked line drive foul that conks the poor fellow in the cranium, rendering him unable to work for the rest of his life but too horrified of ball parks to enjoy his new leisure. As they ask in law school: Can he recover?

Anyone who thinks such a victim can successfully sue had better not hazard a trip to the Vermont ski slopes this year. For no sooner did a Chittenden County (Vt.) jury award $1.5 million in damages to a young man named James Sunday, permanently crippled while skiing, than a frightened band of insurance companies and ski area operators demanded legislative relief from the prospect of liability suits.

Accidents happen, the companies admitted, but if the law allows skiers to sue the mountain—or, to be more exact, the big corporation that usually owns the mountain—one may as well provide negligence lawyers with furry paws and kegs of brandy under chin. As Stewart Ledbetter, Vermont's commissioner of insurance, said, "If we make the assumption that ski areas should be safe, then we are going to invite innumerable lawsuits."

According to legal precedent, the insurers added, one who takes part in a dangerous sport assumes the entire burden of risk. And this is the gravamen of the new bill speeding through the Vermont state senate, where it is well understood that failure to do the ski industry's bidding endangers the $80 million a year that skiing contributes to the Green Mountain State's fragile economy. If the proposed legislation is passed, as is expected, and then signed by Republican governor Richard A. Snelling, a millionaire manufacturer of ski poles, Vermont will join New Hampshire, Maine, and New Mexico in enacting new laws that shut the courtroom doors on injured skiers.

In part, the new protectionism comes as a by-product of burgeoning mass sports. As fast as industry converts space capsules into tennis rackets and jogging shoes and skis, college students, housewives, and stockbrokers flock to the courts, tracks, and slopes to find ever more ingenious ways of damaging their bodies. Demands for safety measures have grown with the number of sports-related accidents—and the day may come when society will require the licensing of athletes who participate in risky sports.

But for the present, sports like skiing are waging a losing battle against the "limits of growth" concept.

As any fanatic downhill skier will tell you, the growth of skiing has been accompanied by a marked decline in ski conditions, from that much-desired solitude on virgin powder to an ambience seemingly filled with the sounds of a battlefield, minus only the mustard gas. The interminable wait at the lifts; the hot doggers and drunks sideswiping innocents; the parka patrols carrying off the wounded on plastic stretchers; the trails rendered barren, icy, or slushy by overuse—all these have provided evidence that skiing has reached its peak. As the potential market of new skiers shrinks, ski area operators have done what any capitalists would—lengthened the season by introducing man-made snow and competed strenuously for the available skiers by touting their wondrous modern "trail grooming" techniques. It's not uncommon now for ski resort brochures to promise customers trails feverishly manicured by Scandinavian doctoral candidates, who use millions of dollars' worth of "snowcats" to plow the way smoother than a baby's bottom.

It was on just such a supposedly well-maintained trail on Vermont's Stratton Mountain that novice James Sunday came to ski on February 10, 1974. An employee of a Boston computer firm, Sunday, age twenty-one, had previously skied only three times—enough to catch the bug and to invest in his own equipment. Accompanied by a friend who was an expert skier, Sunday started his run down the beginners' Wanderer Trail, practicing his snowplow turn on packed powder under cold, clear skies. The two friends approached the junction of another beginners' slope, and Sunday decided to take it. But hardly had he pushed off and leaned into his first turn than the tip of his ski apparently got snagged under a small tree that had somehow become bent over and hidden beneath ice and snow.

Sunday hurtled straight into the woods, where his head struck a rock. Paralyzed from the neck down, he was rushed to a local hospital. He has remained paralyzed ever since, getting about in a motorized wheelchair with the assistance of nurses and physical therapists. His total medical bill to date exceeds $60,000.

Sunday sued, claiming that undergrowth should not have been on a trail advertised as expertly groomed and asking that the jury find Stratton Mountain liable for his injury and suffering. It was a case that any negligence lawyer would swoon over and one that most sensible defense attorneys would settle quietly because the sight of a quadraplegic in open court always has the same effect on a jury: Even the most malevolent misanthrope feels a lump rise in his throat, and hearts of stone melt dead away. Instead, Stratton's lawyers cited precedent placing the assumption of risk in dangerous sports on the athlete—you buy your lift ticket and take your chances. Besides, Stratton intended to show that the facts mounted inexorably to a reasoned decision against the plaintiff.

When the case came to trial last summer, Sunday's attorney, Alan Sylvester, gave a deft performance. After putting his client on the stand for nearly a week to recount the incident and its sobering aftereffects (and to let the sight of the pitiable Sunday sink into the jury's consciousness), Sylvester showed a film documenting what he called "a day in the life of a quadraplegic." The attorney rested his case only after calling to the stand the head of the Stratton trail crew, who described in detail the area's nightly smoothing operations and admitted that Stratton's advertising promised safe schussing on its trails.

Then Stratton's attorney, Donald Hackel, argued his case. Hackel presented infrared photographs of the accident area's subsurface, demonstrating that no trees existed where Sunday claimed they did. He called six ski patrol members, three Stratton employees, an equipment expert, and two "accident reconstructionists," who claimed, variously, that Sunday was using the wrong technique; that his skis were too long; that there was no tree; and that Sunday had probably skied into the woods.

Stratton seemed to have all the facts neatly arrayed in its corner. To back up the

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experts even further, Hackel actually brought the plaintiff's skis and boots into court. With Sunday on the stand, the attorney came out from behind the defense table holding the items. Were these the skis and boots? he wanted to know. Sunday affirmed that they were indeed. And had he used them on the day in question? Certainly, answered Sunday. Then Hackel, dressed in a three-piece suit, donned the said boots, hitched them into the said skis, and clumped around the courtroom in a bizarre attempt to reenact the fall. Had the plaintiff moved like this? Had his body turned like this? At this juncture, with the jury looking on incredulously at Hackel's display, the attorney was heard to huff in exasperation, "I wish you could show us yourself, Mr. Sunday."

"Yes, sir," replied the cripple. "So do I."

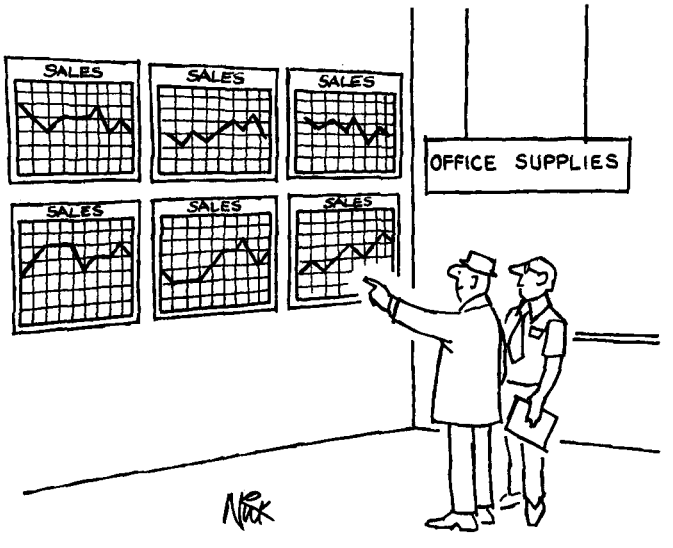
Reporters present at the trial believe this was the turning point and that all the precedents cataloged at Harvard's law library wouldn't have done Stratton a bit of good afterward. It remained only for presiding judge Wynn Underwood, a World War II ski trooper and a well-known Vermont skier, to deny a defense motion for a directed verdict, saying, in part, "The ski industry has changed dramatically ... the ski operator can no longer, under all circumstances, hide behind the doctrine of *volenti non fit injuria* [no injury is done to someone who consents]. One who partakes in the sport of skiing accepts the dangers inherent only insofar as they are obvious and necessary. He [might] not have accepted some dangers if there [had not been] specific representations on the part of the ski area operator to the effect that their beginner ... trails are perfectly smooth."

After seven hours of deliberation, the jury awarded James Sunday his $1.5 million. Hackel called the verdict "a travesty of justice ... a product of the heart, not the mind" and promised to take the case to the Vermont supreme court.

Before Hackel could get there, however, the insurance companies panicked. American Home Assurance, the major Vermont ski area insurer, which had already quadrupled and quintupled its premiums in the past few years, gave the industry notice that it would cancel its liability policies outright unless the state legislature took strong action against the *Sunday* precedent. Suddenly, insurers saw an army of ski invalids behind every bush, descending on the state courts to wring the last negligent nickel out of the insurance companies' liable pockets. The bill now in the state senate proposes an essential return to the status quo ante-*Sunday*: The ski area operators take responsibility for getting you up the mountain safely, and you take responsibility for killing yourself on the way down.

Ironically, the *Sunday* case provided just the right climate of political hysteria in Vermont for ramming through a law favorable to the insurers and the ski area operators. There are some, in fact, who say on the sly that Judge Underwood's decision was intended as a lubricant for the legislative wheels. Even more surprisingly, a post-*Sunday* attitude survey made in behalf of the U.S.S.A./Eastern Ski Association has found 99.6 percent of skiers willing to accept all risks on the slopes.

This leaves only the few James Sundays, their trial lawyers, and at least one columnist with any faith left in the common law. After all, a sporting accident is a discrete moment in time, better judged when all the complicated contributory factors are set out before a jury of peers. Anyone who believes in justice tempered by mercy must hate to see accident cases legislated out of the hands of juries—not despite the fact that hearts sometimes win out over minds, but precisely because of it. ◉



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Top of My Head

Personal

by Goodman Ace

Dear Groucho,

Ever since you left, I have been terribly busy. Crying, mostly. But this morning I suddenly realized that in all the 45 years of our warm and lively relationship, there has never been this long a communication gap. Easily five... six weeks. Wait a minute... six months! My God, where does the time fly?

But I guess that by now you know better than I the answer to that repetitive, rhetorical question. I've never been a fan of Time and its widely advertised claim to cure everything. If there's any truth to that, then all I can say is that in your case, Time has been taking its own sweet time coming onstage to do its healing bit.

In the meantime, just to pass the time, as they say, I have been assiduously working on a handsome scrapbook of all the reviews your life got from the obit writers—which brings me to the point of this letter. I'm now putting the finishing touches to the book and in a week or so will send it to you, special delivery. Please be on the lookout for it, Groucho, and none of your fast ad glibs, like saying you'll pick it up at the dead letter office.

I must forewarn you, friend, that too many of the obit writers dismayed me. Oh, the coverage was front page, prime time, coast to coast, and to all the ships at sea, as who-was-it used to say on radio. But they kept referring to your patented comedy as "insult humor" and "put-downs." I had a premonition this would happen from the phone calls I got the morning it was announced that your condition had taken a turn for "critical."

Soon after the hospital's announcement about your condition, I got several calls from radio, TV, and newspaper writers searching for more Groucho lore. What the writers asked for were the out-of-left-field things you used to say to people in passing. One writer in particular said, "You were a close friend of his; didn't you get the feeling he hated people with those off-the-cuff, slurring remarks?"

"Never," I replied. "On the contrary—he loved people. And if I may paraphrase Shakespeare, to Groucho, all the world was a stage, and all its men and women

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merely contestants. He was once even quoted as having said that when he died, he hoped to be buried next to a straight man with whom he could exchange banter."

The newsman said, "That's the kind of stuff I'm looking for. Do you have any more like that?"

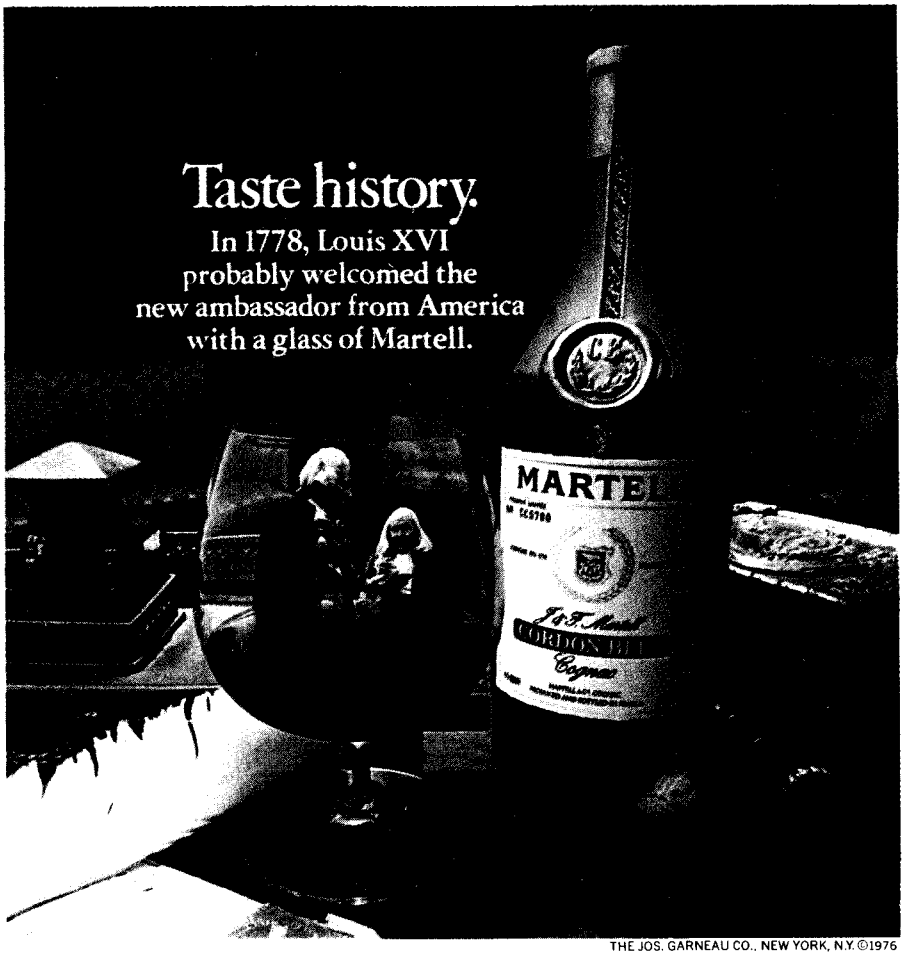
Hoping to change the subject, I said, "Speaking of Shakespeare, did you hear the one about the third-rate Shakespearean repertory company that years ago played Denver and gave one of the most abysmal performances of *Hamlet* that was ever seen? The critic on the *Denver Post* gave it short shrift in a one-paragraph review by saying, 'There has always been an argument whether Shakespeare wrote all the plays with which he is credited, or whether the real author was the English philosopher Francis Bacon. After this evening's performance, the way to discover the truth about the so-called Baconian theory is to dig up the graves of both Shakespeare and Bacon, and the one who turned over in the night is the real author.' "

"Excuse me," the reporter on the phone broke in, as he realized I wasn't going to be any help to him on his insult humor thesis. "You've been a big help to me. Thanks. But I've got a deadline."

"Aptly put," I said. And the other callers were working on this level. Patiently, I tried to explain to one and all that you had intended no insults—that you were having fun with people and hoped they would fend and parry and join in with you. I even cited examples, recalling that day many years ago when I had to go to Beverly Hills on business. You heard I was coming and you wrote, phoned, telegraphed, asking me to stay at your home. I finally said okay. When I got there, the maid ushered me into the breakfast nook. I entered with a small two-suiter bag, a tiny portable typewriter, and a very thin briefcase. You looked up from your orange juice, surveyed my luggage, and said, "Three bags? How long are you staying?" And the maid asked if I wanted a glass of orange juice, and I said, "No, thank you." And you said, "That's good. Oranges don't grow on trees, you know."

I asked this newspaper guy if I should have felt insulted with that kind of greeting. Should I have expected Groucho Marx to ask the usual banalities that greet travelers: "How was the trip—did you have rough weather—how was the food?" You can bet your life Groucho wouldn't have, I said.

Well, Grouch, that's the hurting way I spent that day—your last day here. And all the while, you were standing in the wings in your wings, waiting to make your exit entrance.... Seeya. ◉



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It's Different Than It Was

by Thomas H. Middleton

OVER THE YEARS, I've received about a dozen letters objecting to the use of *different than* for *different from*. The objections typically are something like, "How can anyone say *different than*? If one thing differs from another (not *than* another), then it must be different *from* the other and not *than* the other."

I've never been completely comfortable with *different than*, but I think it's largely a matter of preference. When I was young, I learned that *different from* was correct, and I could understand why; so I'm frequently jarred, however slightly, by *different than*. Recently, I read *different than* in one of Art Buchwald's columns, and later that same day I heard Zbigniew Brzezinski tell a television interviewer that "the Carter administration is different than the Nixon administration." About a week after that, on *60 Minutes*, Dan Rather asked a French champagne producer, "Do you maintain that the young grape here is totally different than it would be in California?" Obviously, I wouldn't have noticed those *different than*s if they hadn't bothered me.

The fact is, though, that I think *different than* is sometimes better than *different from*. In Brzezinski's statement, I believe that *different from* would have been better than his *different than*, but for Rather's question to have accommodated a *from*, he'd have had to rephrase it fairly clumsily, as I'm afraid I might have: "Do you maintain that the young grape here is totally different from the grape that it would be in California?" That is surely no improvement on Rather's phrasing.

I checked with Fowler's *Modern English Usage* to see what it has to say about *different than*. All it has to say is that the *Oxford English Dictionary* (*OED*) cites the expression as "now mostly avoided." What Fowler does discuss is *different to*—a phrase we hardly ever hear on this side of the Atlantic. He doesn't object much to *different to*. In fact, he says that the theory that *different* can be followed only by *from* is "superstition."

OED does indeed state that *different than* is now mostly avoided, but it also says that the phrase is found "in Fuller, Addison, Steele, Defoe, Richardson, Goldsmith, Miss Burney, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, Carlyle, Thackeray, New-

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man, Trench, and Dasent, among others."

Not bad credentials for a phrase held in such low repute as to be "now mostly avoided."

Nowadays, *different than* seems to be strictly an American problem, if it is, in fact, a problem at all. *Webster's Third* doesn't admit that it is one, saying that *different* can be used "with *from* ... or with *than* ... or chiefly Brit. with *to*." *Webster's New World* says the phrase is used "with *from*, or, esp. colloquially, *than*, and, in Brit. usage, *to*." Of the three, *Random House Dictionary* is the most hard-nosed, saying, "Most grammarians, chiefly on semantic grounds, regard any preposition but FROM after DIFFERENT as a solecism."

This tempest in a teapot has been raging for a long time. H. L. Mencken, in *The American Language*, says of *different than*:

> In September, 1922, the novelist, Meredith Nicholson, joined in the *jehad* against it in a letter to the New York *Herald*:
>
> "Within a few years the abominable phrase *different than* has spread through the country like a pestilence. In my own Indiana, where the wells of English undefiled are jealously guarded, the infection has awakened general alarm."
>
> To which the New York *Sun*, a few days later, replied sensibly:
>
> "The excellent tribe of grammarians, the precisians and all others who strive to be correct and correctors, have as much power to prohibit a single word or phrase as a gray squirrel has to put out Orion with a flicker of its tail."
>
> The error of Mr. Nicholson, and of all such unhappy viewers with alarm, is in assuming that there is enough magic in pedagogy to teach "correct" English to the plain people. ... The plain people, hereinafter as in the past, will continue to make their own language, and the best that grammarians can do is to follow it, haltingly, and not often with much insight into it. Their lives would be more comfortable if they ceased to repine over it, and instead gave it some hard study. It is very amusing, and not a little instructive.

Many of us can't help lamenting that the English language is no longer just as our grammar teachers taught it to us. We anguish over its inevitable alteration, and we speak of this alteration as "corruption." We seek logic and consistency in usage.

Personally, I'm glad so many of us feel as we do, but I think we must realize that we can't change things back to the way they used to be—much less back to the way we wishfully think they once were.

We can no more succeed in that than we can whistle the wind back to where it came from or put out Orion with a flicker of our tails. ◉

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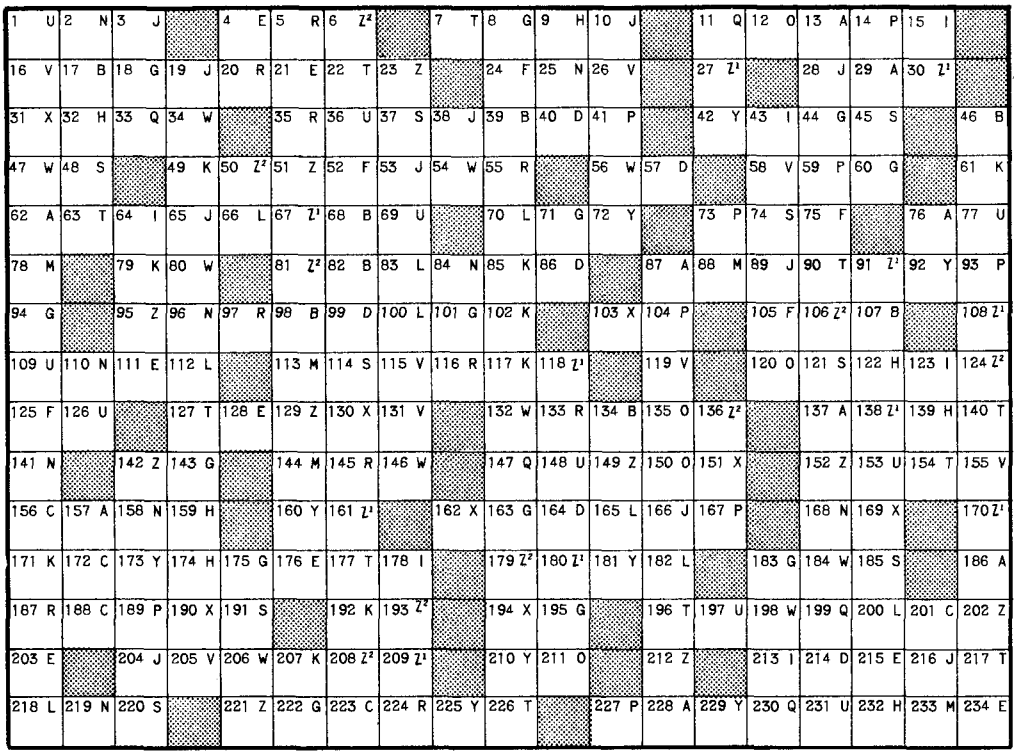
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 141

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Venezuela's second largest city	13 29 62 76 87 137 157 186 228
B. Signified, suggested	17 39 46 68 82 98 107 134
C. French landscape painter (1796–1875)	156 172 188 201 223
D. Neglected; brought to ruin	40 57 86 99 164 214
E. Reporter for the *Daily Planet* (*Superman*; full name)	111 128 176 203 215 234 4 21
F. Goes on, continues in time; wears well	24 52 75 105 125
G. Embellishment	143 175 195 18 44 60 71 94 163 183 222 8 101
H. Offense, displeasure; leafy shade	122 139 232 9 32 159 174
I. Ibsen play	178 213 43 64 123 15
J. German composer (1854–1921; *Hansel and Gretel*)	38 53 166 216 3 19 28 65 89 204 10
K. Slow dance in triple meter, consisting chiefly of a march in couples	61 79 171 192 207 49 85 102 117
L. Daughter of Cassiopeia and wife of Perseus	165 182 66 83 100 200 218 112 70
M. Italian composer and teacher (1846–1916; "Serenade")	78 88 113 144 233
N. Tough; bullheaded; unsentimentally practical (comp.)	2 96 110 141 158 168 219 25 84
O. Italian poet and dramatist (1892–1953; "La Padrona")	120 135 150 211 12
P. Rulers of peoples, tribes, or nations	14 41 59 104 167 189 227 73 93
Q. Bustles, hurries; breaks *out of a walk (as a horse)*	147 199 230 11 33
R. Dowser (2 wds.)	35 187 224 5 97 116 133 55 20 145
S. Former	185 121 220 37 48 114 74 191 45
T. Pen name of Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee (2 wds.)	63 217 22 140 127 7 90 154 196 226 177
U. Lawgiving; legislative	197 109 231 153 69 126 148 1 36 77
V. Ancient Greek personification of death	26 131 205 155 119 58 115 16
W. Pedantic schoolmaster in *Love's Labour's Lost*	184 56 54 198 80 47 132 206 146 34
X. Inscription, especially on a building, statue, etc.	190 31 103 130 169 194 162 151
Y. Took, put up with; retracted	42 181 210 229 225 160 173 92 72
Z. Aromatic tree common in California, originally from Australia	149 202 95 212 221 23 152 142 129 51
Z¹. U.N. ambassador, former associate of M. L. King, Jr. *(full name)*	27 209 118 138 67 108 30 180 91 161 170
Z². Espada; piscine Cyrano	50 6 208 136 179 193 124 81 106

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 140*** appears on page 31.

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Enemies of Thought

"Thanks to the rapidity of communications, we are constantly reminded of what there is to fear and seldom of the reasons to hope. We are force-fed information without perspective, which, like food undigested, does not nourish but creates discomfort."

Antigua, West Indies

I AM PRIVILEGED to be sitting on a balcony overlooking a warm beach and a scarcely populated shore. All the noise I hear is nature's: the tide slapping the reefs, the rustling of the sea grape leaves and palm fronds, some high-pitched chirpers (finches, among others), and the distant, constant hum of the sea. The stillness is conducive to thought, and to one thought in particular: that almost every advance in "communications" in this century has chipped away at our time and our incentive to think, and that while our means of communicating have improved fantastically, the quality of our lives has not.

Consider the telephone. Nobody but an eccentric reactionary would dispute the fact that the telephone is one of the grand achievements of man. It shrinks the globe. By facilitating dialogue, it enhances the chances of peace. It frees us to travel. By connecting us with emergency services, it saves lives and alleviates fear. It helps us to maintain relationships, to organize events, to accomplish more in our lifetime. And yet it is also indisputable that telephones discourage thought. They rudely interrupt any conversation or calm. Unlike letters, they do not require us to think out our messages in advance. Pressing us to fill the silence (for time is money), they encourage garrulity rather than concise, thoughtful expression. It is enlightening to browse through an anthology of great letters and ask oneself whether the writers would have written them had telephones been handy. Friendly letters, except as acknowledgments, have become almost quaint archaisms, like teatime and chaperones.

Television is another enemy of thought. Except on noncommercial networks, TV rarely focuses on one subject for more than 10 consecutive minutes. We are asked to consider cowboys, panty hose, deodorants, detectives, news bulletins, soft drinks, station identifications, and *more* detectives—in the space of an hour. News "analysts" are allotted enough time to express opinions, not to analyze. "Never a dull moment" being the inevitable ideal of programmers, thinkers who pause to think are barred from talk shows and round table discussions.

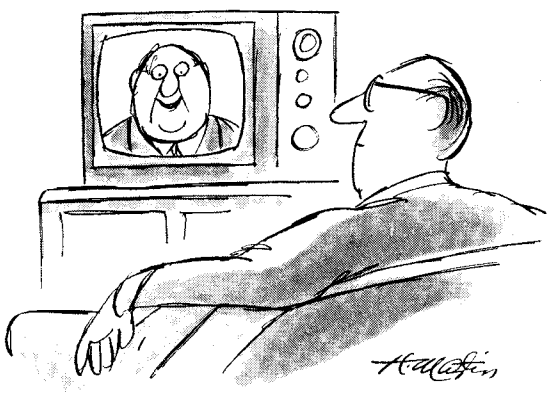
The fact that we tend to think less—or rather, less deeply—nowadays is more obvious than the risks we run by doing so. After all, of what benefit is thinking? Isn't a life of ceaseless activity—TV, radio, traveling, movies, one sports season overlapping into the next, happenings, "events"—as desirable as, or more desirable than, a life with time out for reflection, reading, researching, writing letters, formulating one's own thoughts? Isn't advocacy of a quieter life simply nostalgia, or elitism, disguised?

If the aim of civilization is (as it should be) to improve the psychological as well as the physical well-being of mankind, one may well wonder whether this century's advances in communications have resulted in progress. Anthropologists describe ignorant, hungry, and diseased tribes who are nonetheless pleased with their existence, while wealthy Americans pop pills, dabble in religions and enthusiasms, patronize psychiatrists, and wonder what their lives mean and if—as our worst newspapers never stop declaring—their violent death by foreign missile or neighborhood gunslinger is imminent. W. H. Auden called ours "the age of anxiety." Thanks to the rapidity of communications, we are constantly reminded of what there is to fear and seldom of the reasons to hope. We are force-fed information without perspective, which, like food undigested, does not nourish but creates discomfort.

Sitting on a balcony overlooking a darkening beach (it is evening, the toads are singsonging, and a cold wind is coming off the sea), I am reminded that the world is old, that this generation is a drop in the bucket, and that hysteria is a waste of time and energy. True, there is much to concern ourselves about and with, in this generation as in all others: crimes and injustices to be exposed, experiments to be made and assessed, hues and cries to be raised. But our most urgent need of all is an occasional escape from communications—time and stillness to think, and the consolation that comes from thinking.

To make themselves comfortable, some dogs will curl up in impossibly cramped spaces, under bureaus or chairs—literally stuff themselves in boxes so that they may feel their boundaries and know where they are. Human beings feel comfortable in figurative boxes, knowing where we are in relation to the rest of men and in the scheme of things. "Communications" conspire to erode our boxes, which take time and stillness to build.

—CARLL TUCKER



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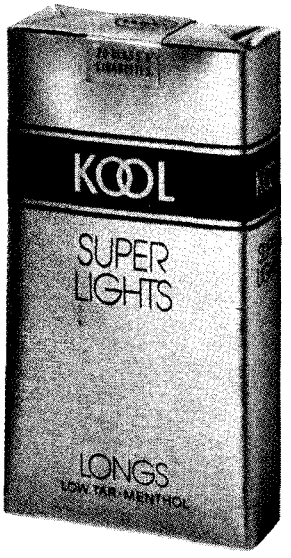

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LAURA STAMM

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Professional ice hockey skating coach

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, ballet.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Plain Speaking" by Merle Miller

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Authored book "Power Skating the Hockey Way."

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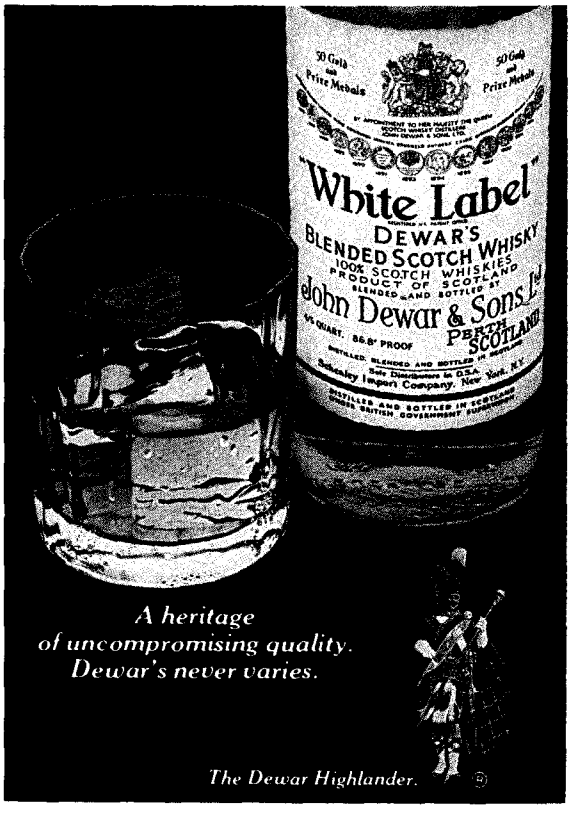

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